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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

VOLUME XLIV.—No. 947.
Price Ten Cents.



REBUKED BY UNCLE SAM.

HOW A RURAL HEART-ANNIHILATOR WHO WOULDN'T DROP, WAS BROUGHT TO A SUDDEN TUMBLE BY A VIRTUOUS MAIL-BAG AT RYE, N. Y.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, May 17, 1894.

GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
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BY

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OUT SATURDAY, MAY 10.

"The Broadway Rounder" in No. 348.

No. 57 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, ten pages, out May 10.

HENRY IRVING did give a little of our money back to us. He treated to a dinner before he sailed.

FOURTEENTH street has now become the pet promenade of the loose women of New York. The actors have landed in town.

IN No. 348 of the POLICE GAZETTE "The Broadway Rounder" will commence to make his rounds. The revelations he will treat you to will be eye-openers.

IF Nitaw-Eg-Ebow is no livelier on the war-path than he is on the tanbark, he will never capture many scalps, and will lose his own if the enemy ever gets after him.

A WHITE elephant was burned up in Printing House square, last week. Unfortunately for the interests of honesty it was not Barnum's bogus beast, but one made out of rattan and painted canvas.

EMILY MELVILLE has burst up, commercially speaking, in Australia. Emily is one of the worst alleged comic opera stars on the stage, and she needn't have gone as far as Australia to get her deserts.

Now that Col. J. H. Mapleson, Esq., don't see how he can make anything more out of the Academy of Music stockholders, he is abusing them as if they had robbed him all along instead of being his victims.

TEN pages of double-distilled richness; Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, No. 57.

THE peregrinations of "The Broadway Rounder" in the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 348.

THE Hinsdale divorce suit is as dirty as the high standing of the family for godliness would lead one to expect. It takes your extra good people to show up real bad in church when they get started.

A BAPTIST preacher has been murdered in Texas for daring to tell a red-handed murderer that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The red-handed murderer will probably be given a pension for thus asserting the superiority of Texas to decency and the laws.

THE great walking match wasn't nearly as great as it was expected to be. The attendance wasn't as big in proportion as the contestants' scores. New York is evidently tired of pedestrianism as a sensation. Pugilism is the king bee in the athletic line in sporting Gotham's bonnet just now. If the walkers will train their fists as well as they have their feet they will have a show.

THE augmentation of numbers which the disreputable gang of theatrical bums around the Morton House has experienced since the opening of spring and the closing of the barn-storming season has already given rise to the usual complaints on the part of the public. Respectable women who know what is what are beginning to shun Union Square, and unless the police interfere, as they did last summer, we may soon expect the usual disgusting and immoral sidewalk shows.

JIM KEENE has gone to the wall at last. He was a common gambler, though he did operate behind the barricade of a Wall street sign, and his fate will excite no pity. Mr. Keene was the person who worked up the starvation corner in grain a couple of years ago. He would have starved the poor men of America if he could in order to have swelled his bank account. Now that he has shut up shop there is no fear of his starving, though. That is not the way the Keenes and Goulds fail.

"BILLY, the Boxer" shies his castor in Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, No. 57.

A WASHINGTON correspondent delivers himself of the opinion that the Greeley relief expedition is a regular summer picnic. That correspondent ought to be sent in search of the North Pole—for you can wager your saccharine existence he would never go of his own accord. Then he would change his tune. It is very funny to hear one of these lie-peddlers of the press calling the men who brave the terrors of the frozen North "carpet knights." But calling them so don't make them "so, and the records they will score will not be on paper alone.

FASHIONABLE society has been on the loose this week with a novel entertainment. It calls it a Kirmess, and those who participate in it make a delightful mess of it. The whole affair seems to be got up to give our swells a chance to act like the fishwives and flower peddlers they wouldn't travel on the same sidewalk with in real life if they could help it. Some of the representations are said to have been very realistic indeed—so much so as to suggest that the impersonators were to the manner born. Considering the origin of most of our aristocrats, the suggestion is not altogether extravagant.

THE French Salon is open, and the usual display of filthy pictures is attracting the Paris public, and being criticised on the ground that it is art. So it is, to be sure, but it is very objectionable art. The POLICE GAZETTE does not pretend to be a standard of high art. It prints the news of the day, and illustrates it; that is all. Yet thousands who greedily devour the unclean productions of the debauched painters of France howl out against our chronicle of facts as immoral. Go it, gentlemen, go it. It will do you good to unload some of your wind, and the unloading does us no harm. The great public knows how to discriminate, and our continued and growing prosperity proves it.

SOME years ago the POLICE GAZETTE published a series of the most popular sketches of metropolitan life ever printed. Reproduced in book form these have enjoyed a tremendous sale, and the demand for "Glimpses of Gotham" continues as active as ever. In No. 348, we will begin another run of pen-and-pencil pictures of the same order. What "Old Rounder" did in his day, "The Broadway Rounder" will now do, and we assume no risk in saying that his sketches will be as popular as their predecessors. Life in New York is a great and fascinating mystery. It takes an insider to raise the veil from it, and that is what the "Broadway Rounder" will do.

THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Last Thursday the baseball season opened all over the country. It is going to be a lively season all around, and the honors to be won and lost upon the diamond field will be hotly fought for. This is as it should be. There is no use doing things by halves. In sport, as in war, the only victory worth winning is that which involves a battle.

There is no more fascinating sport of the athletic order than baseball. The game is as natural as well as a national one. The small boy takes to it like a duck to water, and lays in his school-days the foundation of a future of health and skill. It is a clean sport, too, which accounts for its popularity with a vast number of people whom the wider excitement of pugilism and kindred athletics has no charm for. Altogether, America is by no means badly represented in the world's roll-call of athletic contests by the game we call our national one.

It is some years since the POLICE GAZETTE, true to its principles for the encouragement of all lines of healthful and honest sport, extended its potential encouragement to baseball. The "Police Gazette" baseball trophy is one of the finest works of art ever offered for contest; the POLICE GAZETTE's baseball department is the foremost authority on the subject in the land; the POLICE GAZETTE's pages are always open to the interests of baseball and its votaries. Not a little of the wide favor and augmenting success of the game is due to the efforts of this paper in its behalf.

We can consequently view with satisfaction and pride a result to which we have contributed, and the prosperity and popularity of one of the noblest sports which ever made man more manly and added to his stock of health and strength.

ARMY GYMNASTICS.

Gymnastic exercises have been introduced into the army. The credit for this new departure is due to Gen. Miles, and the Army and Navy Journal comments on it in substance as follows:

"Given the opportunity, should not the soldier, of all men, excel in many games and sports, and the manly art of self-defense? To defend others, as he is expected to, he should know how to defend himself. Such harmless amusement as is found in athletic sports is of equal benefit to the man and advantage to the Government he serves. When on duty, and at leisure, the soldier needs to refresh his spirits after toil; he seeks diversion, pastime, sport. The Government makes provision for a post-trader's saloon, where the enlisted man easily runs up a score to be deducted from his small earnings on pay-day. The Government also makes it incumbent on courts-martial to punish the misdemeanors resulting from drink and its usual concomitants, but it does little or nothing to encourage athletic sports as a means of recreation for the men."

This is sound sense from a high authority, and what is said of the soldier applies equally to all men. Athletic exercises are a safety valve for the human machine. There would be fewer blow-ups and break-downs among us if we all appreciated this fact and profited by the knowledge.

WHO IS HE?

FISHENAGUA, West Coast of Africa, }
March 24, 1894. }

Mr. Editor:

DEAR SIR—There is a young American here who is sick and quite crazy. From papers in his possession his name is John Lantz, of the State of New Jersey. He left there in August, 1893. He knows nothing of his past life. He is about twenty-three years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, brown hair, blue eyes, scar on nose, and he speaks English, German and African creole. He is known here as Le Belle; is well educated and a gentleman. He has performed the feat of crossing Africa from east to west in three months alone, arriving here March 1st. He traveled through a country where a white man has never been before, and has quite some money. He secured passage in the American brig Bogata bound for St. John, New Brunswick. He had a fine horse-rifle and revolvers, and landed on the east coast in November 29, 1893. Sometimes in his wildness he speaks of Lillie and Minnie.

A reader of your paper, CHAS. PAGE,
Mate of Italian steamer Bollmiller.

PRaise WORTH HAVING!

DETECTIVE OFFICE,
AUCKLAND, April 1, 1894. }

Richard K. Fox, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR—I have to express my thanks for the regular arrival of your very interesting and instructive paper, and for the careful manner in which it is wrapped. It comes as clean and as glossy as a billiard-ball from front to back, and I will put it into half calf with gilt edges, when I get twelve months of it.

I see that some of the goodly-goodies howl plaintively about the lewdness of your POLICE GAZETTE, but I have not yet discovered anything to prevent it lying naked on my parlor table, and being perused by my four daughters, whose chastity I value more than all creation, and they won't get hurt. You are quite at liberty to publish this from an Auckland subscriber.

If anything sensational takes place here I will send you cuttings from our papers, for you can't get a grip on everything in the universe. I remain, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN M. WALKER.

"BILLY, the Boxer," in Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, No. 57.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

THE worse for wear—Mud.

THE girl of the period—Polly Tica.

A HAND-SAW—The old adage about "two birds in a bush."

THE latest thing out—The man who didn't go home till morning.

"WHY was Noah the best broker of ancient times?" "He could float more stock than any other man."

A MAN named Limburger has turned up at Rochester, N. Y., who claims that he hasn't a scent to his name.

AN Eastern paper says: "They hang men on the slightest suspicion out West." But we thought it was on the limb of a tree.

"How many sisters have you, my little boy?" "I used to have three," he replied, "but have only two now; Charlotte is married."

"I THOUGHT you were a flame of Miss Bullion, Mr. Dood," said Slim. "I thought so, too," said the other, "until the old man put me out one night."

A ST. LOUIS girl married a man on fifteen minutes' acquaintance, because she knew if she waited till she knew him better she'd never have him.

THE little boy who often went sliding last winter, against his mother's will, says that he frequently met with a large number of whales just off the coast.

THE lad who has an eye for sporting news carefully surveys the dispatches from all the world over. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice.

DR. MARY WALKER says she will wear trousers or nothing. We think Mary would look better in trousers than in "nothing." Yes, let her wear them, for Heaven's sake.

"Yes, I'm on intimate terms with royalty," said Flush. "I was introduced to three kings and two queens last evening, to my sorrow, as I had my hands full of knives at that time."

"SOME day in the hence, I hope to be cremated," says Kate Field. But Kate is a very superior person. Your ordinary young woman is satisfied to be ice-cream mated in the now.

SOME one asked: "How long is a man a bridegroom?" This depends a good deal on who the man is. In the case of David Davis the length became somewhat lost in the breadth.

WHEN a Boston girl desires to shake a lover she says: "You will greatly oblige me by making your exit." In Montana, where language is scarce, the girl simply points to the door and says: "Git!"

"ARE you paralyzed, my friend?" kindly inquired a philanthropist of a youth whose fingers were pointing in ten different directions. "No, sir," he proudly replied; "I'm a professional baseball-player."

"MA, may I go out and see?"

"No, my darlin' daughter;

The mob's a raisin'—out thar,

An' I don't think you oughter."

AN old opera revised: Things are seldom what they seem; skim milk masquerades as cream; lard and soap we eat for cheese; butter is but axle-grease. Dealer (in a whisper)—"Very true, so you do."

"YES," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed himself to be willing to die for me, and now he won't get his life insured in my favor, and the poor girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears.

A GIRL will go to a dance and waltz several straight hours without complaining, but ask the same young lady to wrestle five minutes with a broom and she'll faint before she gets both hands fairly clasped around the handle.

A MAN at the restaurant the other day asked one of the girls, as she was taking the pie order, a question. As she did not reply, he exclaimed, angrily: "Why don't you answer me?" "Oh," she replied, "we never speak as we pass pie."

ISN'T it curious to think the same citizen who may be heard on club nights bellowing forth the Bacchanalian ditty, "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," can softly croon his youngest to sleep with the seductive melody, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber?"

"THEY say you are so fresh," sang the robin to spring.

"They say you are verdant," sang he.

And spring made reply, with a wink in her eye—

"Oh, no, there's no green about me."

"I NOTICE that the ballet girls mostly wear smiles when they come upon the stage," said old Mr. Squaggs to his wife, who had insisted on accompanying him to the theatre. "It shows that they think they ought to wear something," she snapped, and he said no more.

ABOUT the most punctilious workman we ever heard of was the carpenter in one of our new houses, who had his hammer raised to strike a nail just as the whistles blew for noon, arrested it in its mid-course, quietly laid it down, and made a dash for his dinner-pail.

A MAIDEN coy, and tall, slim boy,

Sat cooling on a stile.

The boy's lip wore a slight mustache,

The girl's lip wore a smile.

"I love thee," quoth the boy, and stroked

That faint and downy line.

"And I," the siren softly sighed,

"Would dye it were it mine."

He left this maiden like a flash,

A minute to the mile.

Ah! trifle not with youth's mustache

When sitting on a stile.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher—"What has our lesson taught us?" Little Boy—"That we must shun evil." Teacher—"But we are told that money is the root of all evil. Now what further does the lesson teach?" Little Boy—"That we must shun the evil and grab the root."

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Odoriferous Opening of the Idle Spring Season.

Union Square Already Unsafe for Respectable Women, and the Whole Summer for the Evil to Ripen In.

BANCROFT.—Helen Bancroft still devastates western New York.

BROWN.—"Col. T. Allston Br—" No! No! Enough! Enough! Spare us!

REED.—Roland Reed is to have a new "straight comedy" next year. Good boy.

DAVIS.—Gen. Paresis Davis still manages to keep out of a lunatic asylum. Strange.

HAVERLY.—Jack Haverly is to run a summer garden at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

JARRETT.—Harry Jarrett is coming back from England shortly. There is reason to apprehend that Lizzie Kelsey will come with him.

BYRON.—Henry James Byron, the witty dramatist who died in London the other day, was only forty-nine years old. The business killed him.

SMITH.—"Cully" Smith, so it is reported, will shortly go upon the stage in person. The more vindictive members of his company are delighted.

CAMEL.—Two camels were born in the Barnum menagerie last week. They are said to strongly resemble Bartley, especially about the neck, nose and feet.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell has broken down in the middle of a very successful season on the continent of Europe. This time she didn't elope, but was taken ill.

TEAL.—Ben Teal's judgment is not quoted so high at the New Park theatre as it was two months ago. Three distinct failures make a disagreeable coincidence.

THOMPSON.—Lydia Thompson and Lal Brough are playing in burlesque in Brighton, England. For a septuagenarian, or thereabouts, Lydia is doing wonderfully well.

FESTIVAL.—The Cincinnati Dramatic Festival was a failure. No wonder. The idea of inflicting on a community famous for its native hams such a lot of the foreign article!

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer has made such an extraordinary hit in London, that John Rogers has offered her fall date at the Fourteenth Street theatre to Charley Frohman.

PULL.—The latest outcome of art and intellect on the stage is the performance of a woman who pulls against a team of horses. She is said to be drawing card wherever she plays.

PLACIDE.—Alice Placide has sold her property on Lake Tackanasse, New Jersey, for \$12,000. The item is interesting, and would be more so if we only knew who Alice Placide is.

DOLLY.—Dolore's "original play" turns out to be a literal translation of "Les Diables Noirs," with the names changed. Oh! Dolly! Dolly! And we were roped into fighting little Cas for you!

GARDNER-GARDINER.—Charles A. Gardner, without an "H"—is playing Carl. Charles R. Gardiner, with an "H"—is playing the public and the novices who perform under his management.

BOOTH.—Agnes Booth has obtained a judgment against Morris & Knowles for \$1,650 damages for breach of contract. Being a theatrical suit it is hardly necessary to add that she hasn't got her money.

JAY.—Harriet Jay is not coming to the United States under the management of Col. Wm. E. Sinn, of Brooklyn. A thousand thanks, Harriet. We have got enough jays of our own without importing any.

GRANGER.—The fact that Maude Granger is playing, nowadays, with some life and vigor is attributed to her having given up the morphine habit—a weakness to which hundreds of actresses are addicted.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—"Willis Ross will probably sever his connection with Wm. Stafford's company next season." Somebody ought to persuade Willis Ross to hold on and spare us this unspeakable calamity.

GORDON.—Amy Gordon is not going to be Jimmy Jonah Duff's prima-donna. Amy's head is evel. Jimmy Jonah may, of course, have a change of eck with "A Night in Venice"—but it is very doubtful.

RUNNELLS.—Bonnie Runnells is laid up with paralysis of the throat. As Bonnie is a clown his sickness rather impairs his usefulness. But what a boon it would be in the case of our own George Osmond fearie. Eh!

BURGESS.—Neil Burgess, who is a very good actor as well as a very good fellow, has made more money than almost any other star on the road this season. Poor little Squeaky Robson could bite his own ear for envy.

NOBLES.—The cyclone has arrived, the blizzard was on time and we still live. "Love and Law" is unanimously pronounced a masterpiece of dramatic construction which would have reflected honor on John A. Stevens.

GROVER.—A pretty rank failure was Len Grover's "Great Scheme." Still, so far as Grover's "catching on to important money" at the expense of Gale & Spader, there is no denying that the scheme was "a great one."

RICE.—Mark Tapley Rice has been blue during the past week to the point almost of suicide. He has heard from California that his "Surprise Party" was making money—and the shock proved almost more than he could bear.

OLIVETTE.—Good Lord! If Catherine Lewis and Henri Laurent are not playing "Olivette," may I be consumedly jiggered! And in New Orleans, at that, where they are mighty quick-tempered, and kill a man for the least trifle.

RICHMOND.—The Old Original Adah Richmond is in the field once more. This is the lady who several years ago published a series of novels written

in collaboration with John Stetson. She was Miss Bridget Sullivan in those days.

WEATHERSBY.—Lizzie Weathersby is slowly recovering from her sickness—but the Goodwins will not play again until the 4th of May, when they will appear in "Confusion" in Chicago. A pretty tough time have the Goodwins had this year.

FISHER.—Old man Fisher, for nearly twenty-eight years door-keeper of the Academy of Music, has at last resigned. He has inherited a fortune of \$150,000, and is, naturally, through with opera, especially with the doorkeeping department of the same.

COLOMBIER.—Marie Colombier and Sarah Bernhardt have both been committed for trial for issuing immoral books. Colombier, by the way, means "dovecote." Judging from Marie's character, it must be a cote of the solled dove variety.

BOUCICAULT.—Poor old Boucicault has once more changed his mind. He says he won't go to Australia on any terms. Happy Australia! On the contrary, he will remain in New York and lecture on "The Art of Acting." Unlucky New York!

SALSBURY.—Nate Salsbury, the tragedian, who looks and acts so exactly like Billy Seymour that he is called "Seymour the Second" out West, is on the road with the Carver-Cody show. He is what is known as the "blower" for the show.

HOYT.—Charlie Hoyt is no doubt a clever fellow, but his "Rag Baby" is insufferable rot. He justly says that if he wants to make money as a dramatist, he must write down to the level of the stage. Quite so—and a very low-spirited level it is, too.

SALVINI.—Salvini's business in London was so poor that the Italian residents invited the old man to dinner. Judging from the quantity Salvini could eat and drink at a sitting when he was "farewelling" in America, the repast must have cost a good deal.

SAD.—Bruno, the dog attached to Trapper's Uncle Tom's Cabin company, died recently in Mount Sterling, Kentucky, and was buried with great pomp and ceremony. Why not? There's many a live actor who in character or usefulness don't come near a dead dog.

BIJOU.—They are going to close the season at the Bijou in two weeks. Too bad! It is one of the nicest places in town, and is certainly managed by the most gentlemanly and agreeable staff that was ever requested to pass a cannon-ball tosser in one of "our profession."

STETSON.—John Stetson had better pay Charlie Coghlan the money he owes him and admit his defeat like a man. For backing a losing game there's nobody like Stetson in the business, and the sooner he strikes a change of luck or lets up on his foolish perversities, the better for him.

PECK.—It is a refreshing proof that the stage is a refining and improving agency to learn that there are three companies on the road playing a dramatization of "Peck's Bad Boy," the most execrably coarse and luridly detestable rubbish ever spawned by a professional "humorist."

RANKIN.—McKee Rankin doesn't seem to have his heart in his new piece, "Gabriel Conroy." He has, at all events, made up his mind to "lie off"—no, "lie off" is not a phrase applicable to Rankin; so let us say, take a brief holiday—at Bois Blanc, his principal near Detroit.

EMMETT.—Joe Emmett is to have a new play next season. The fact that it is to be written by the wonderful Will Carleton, who wrote "Fritz in Ireland," will rather dull the edge of the public joy. By the way, Emmett would do wisely to get a new stomach as well as a new play.

ABBOTT.—Emma Abbott is on her way back to New York, where she will shortly appear in "Carmen," with "Nearer, My God, to Thee" introduced in the bull-ring scene. Her husband, the economical Wetherell, says he will get good notices in the New York dailies if it breaks him.

HARRISON.—Louis Harrison and Johnny Gourlay are going to Europe next summer. The Harrison boys have caught on to cash this year. Their sister Alice hasn't, and wishes over and over again that she hadn't left them in a tantrum. A mighty bright family are these same Harrisons.

CLARKE.—Kit Clarke has sailed for England to "work the London press for Haverly." The flights of balala between the editorial rooms of a London newspaper and the sidewalk are pretty extensive. But, then, Clarke would probably alight on his cheek, to the irreparable injury of the sidewalk.

WELBY.—There seems reason to doubt the story that Bertha Welby was seized by a man in Pittsburg under the impression that she was the long-missing remains of the late A. T. Stewart. These stories are outrageous at the expense of a young, beautiful and brilliant young lady like Miss Welby.

BARRY.—Hellen Barry's fizzle at the Union Square is a very sad affair, and the people who maliciously assured her that she was a star ought to be ashamed of themselves. Hellen is a poor actress anyhow, but if she must stay in the profession for a living let her play second old woman, her proper line of business.

COWELL.—"Miss Sara Cowell will sail for Europe next Wednesday." Miss Sara Cowell is a nambypamby, tuft-hunting "elocutionist," who works "sawdust" on the "well-bred and so-refined-young-person" racket. She is considerably assisted by being mistaken for a sister of Sidney Cowell, which she isn't by a jug-full.

CAZ.—Experts say that it is hard to tell which is the worst "original" play—Dolore's original "Justine" or Cazauran's original "Fatal Letter." The really fatal letter, by the way, in Helen Barry's case is the letter "H"—although Cazauran's "Fatal Letter" has killed her as dead as a doornail, professionally. So mote it be.

LANDIS.—The legitimate successor of the late Count Joannes, one Dr. Landis, will shortly play a brief season at a New York theatre. The reckless mob will probably waste eggs and cabbage upon him without stopping to consider what they are withholding from Freddie Paulding and Willie Stafford and others of the same.

OLD-TIMERS.—What a collection of dramatic fossils Frank Mayo has engaged for his play of "Nordeck," which he produces in Chicago next month—Henrietta Vaden, Laura Don, Fred Paulding, Harold Fosberg, Fred Williams, Harry Hudson. Why, it is like going through a graveyard and reading the names on the tombstones.

CHAMBERS.—Augusta Chambers is an actress of the first class, who accuses two young men in Baltimore of getting her drunk and robbing her of a diamond ring. Augusta is famous in the "profession" for her bibulous qualities. Not very long ago she was accused of an attempt to commit suicide. She is a credit to the calling she ornaments.

OSBORNE.—Rose Osborne, once old man Henderson's leading lady at the Standard theatre, and the victim of one of Mr. Henderson's innumerable plays, has just scored a nice, quiet and undemonstrative failure in London. She appeared at the Gaiety theatre—an establishment the name of which, with great reason, is pronounced the "Gaiety."

HANTONS.—The Hanton Brothers are the nicest fellows in the business. They intend to spend their summer holidays at Cobasset, Cobasset, it will be remembered, is the charming watering-place in which Squeaky Robson and Willy Crane hang out, and the scene of Mr. Lorenzo Magnifico de Brannigan von Barrett's retirement in the "off" season.

OLD.—What a lot of Methuselahs Irving's company is! Except Terriss and Miss Millward, it is said that there is nobody in his service under forty years of age. The "old man" of the troupe is literally old—to the tune of seventy-one or thereabouts. But they like old actors as they like old cheese in England. They think an actor strengthens with age.

TILLOTSON.—Dear Dudie Tillotson, the sweet young thing with the blonde side-whiskers, who condescends to irradiate the foyer of the Grand Opera House, will have sole charge of that establishment, with an interest in the profits. Tillie is a good fellow and would be more than good if he would drop his affectations, which, to put it very mildly, are simply suffocating.

WHIFFEN.—Big-hearted and quick-witted Tom Whiffen will spend his summer in England as usual. It is a pity he doesn't tear himself away from the Madison avenue charnel-house, in which he is slowly but surely being incinerated. A man like Whiffen ought to be starting with a yearly profit of \$50,000 or \$60,000. But then he isn't a fraud, and so is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Gen. Paresis Davis, John A. Stevens and the rest of 'em.

ROSE.—Henry Mapleson's latest "gag" for his wife (who is growing quite an old girl now) is that, "on returning home after a thirty weeks' engagement in the provinces with Carl Rosa, Marie Rose found a magnificent diamond bracelet awaiting her, the gift of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster." Henry forgot to add that the Duke and Duchess, finding her from home, pushed their gift under the front door. It would have given a finishing touch to the realism of the story.

PALMER.—Howard Paul writes in the *American Register*, London, as follows: "The Prince and Princess of Wales do not often visit the Strand theatre, but they have been to see Miss Minnie Palmer, and expressed themselves greatly pleased. The Prince was tremendously tickled with Miss Palmer's droleries, and her singing delighted the Princess, who sent the clever little American lady a charming bouquet, and her good wishes. At the end of the representation the Prince and Princess asked to see Miss Palmer, and she was duly presented by Mr. John R. Rogers, who conducted the royal pair behind the scenes. Miss Palmer had not time to change her costume, and apologized for her appearance, when the Princess laughed and said: 'You look so pretty in that quaint garb, I am glad to see you as you are.' Poor Lotta! I wonder what she will think of English royalty complimenting and supporting her youthful ad."

AD.—"Andrews' Carnival of Novelties and Trained Animal Shows just closed a very successful season of five nights—crowded houses every night. After the closing performance, our cornet band serenaded the professor and his estimable wife at their hotel. Mr. Andrews responded in a few well-chosen remarks, after which all adjourned to the residence of one of our leading citizens, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the occasion." That's the way an "intellectual art" and a "liberal profession" are represented in the wilds of Arkansas. The animal-tamer, who does duty for them, is serenaded at an hotel, and then "all adjourn to the residence of one of our leading citizens, where a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the occasion." Who wouldn't be an actor, eh? Or share an "intellectual" immortality with the "performing fleas" and the "Learned Pig," and the other ornaments of the "show biz"?

DOUBTFUL.—This is Billy Florence's latest free "reading notice." William intends to push it "all round"—so long as the ad. costs nothing: "In addition to his phenomenal prowess as an interview compounder, the Rev. Mr. Snyder, of St. Louis, is said to be a devotee of the drama, and the story goes that on visiting the house where 'Billy' Florence was playing he carelessly left behind him a valuable cane. This the janitor found and turned over to the box-office manager, who in turn—when it was not reclaimed after several days—gave it to Florence, and he at a dinner party, with great gusto, presented it to Gen. Sherman as a stick he had picked up among the pyramids of Egypt. Then Snyder put in an appearance, and there were mutual explanations and apologies all around, some more dinner, with unlimited champagne. Florence had his joke, and every one was happy." Florence ought to send the translation along with the "joke."

MAPLESON.—A Western paper says: "Arthur Mapleson, son of Col. J. H. Mapleson, was arrested in Chicago lately on a warrant charging him with adultery, preferred by Samuel Pierson. The latter went to Texas about six months ago, leaving his wife, Ella, and two children behind. After her husband's departure the wife became acquainted with young Mapleson. Pierson arrived in Chicago last Friday, and found his wife occupying rooms at 1443 State street. He also learned that his two boys had been taught in his absence to call Mr. Mapleson 'papa.' Mrs. Pierson refuses to say anything in reference to the charge. The case was continued until the 15th, Mr. Mapleson giving \$500 bonds." This is the same Arthur Mapleson to whom the gallant Colonel allowed \$5 a week to board and clothe himself upon, and whom he wouldn't permit to enter the Academy because he looked "so day-villish blackguard, my boy." At last the Colonel got a couple of passes to Kansas, gave them to his son and a seedy brother of the engineering profession, gave them two dollars apiece and his blessing, and consigned them to Hades or Texas—whichever they preferred. Arthur is evidently working his way back. But, so far, there is no news of the seedy engineering uncle.

TRAGEDY IN A CARRIAGE.

A Jealous Husband Kills His Wife and Himself While Out Riding.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About 8 o'clock Saturday night, April 26, a highway leading from Jordan to Meridian, N. Y., was the scene of a shocking double tragedy. Some days ago a man and woman, registering as Oscar J. Putnam and wife, put up at the hotel at Jordan Depot. Friday they went to Utica, and returned at about 2 P. M. Saturday. Putnam hired a team, and taking his wife and putting a trunk in the wagon, started for Meridian. Several miles out they met Mr. and Mrs. Sturge, who were driving in an opposite direction, and Mrs. Putnam asked them to stop, saying that her husband had been threatening her, and begged their protection. Mrs. Sturge, although a stranger, got into the wagon with the Putnams and sat on the seat between them, and Mr. Sturge turned his horse about and drove behind them.

When within about a mile of Meridian, Putnam suddenly flung himself over against his wife and fired three shots at her in quick succession. The first ball entered the palm of her hand, and, following up the arm, lodged in the elbow. The second shot grazed her head, and the third lodged behind her ear, and she fell over into the front of the wagon dead. Putnam stopped the horse, got out of the wagon, and ordered Mrs. Sturge to get out, which she did. He then ordered Mr. Sturge to stop his horse and not to stir for his life. The latter did as he was commanded, and then Putnam took a small paper packet from his pocket, swallowed the contents, shot himself twice in the head, and died instantly. The horse, frightened at the report of the revolver, ran for some distance with Mrs. Putnam's body tossing about in the wagon, but was stopped before he reached Meridian, to which town both bodies were taken. In one of Putnam's pockets was this note:

"To whom it may concern.
We wish to be sent to Adrian, Michigan, to our sister, Mrs. S. B. Smith, for burial, where our expenses will surely be paid. We wish to be laid out in these clothes. This horse belongs to Niles."

"OSCAR AND WIFE."
The dead woman, whose maiden name was Mary Watson, was thirty-five years old, and her husband about thirty-six. They became acquainted in October, 1882, in Jamestown, N. Y., where Miss Watson was canvassing. Putnam was a clerk in the express office there, and represented himself as worth \$5,000. He was very passionate in his devotion, and although she did not love him, and said so to several of her friends, he insisted that she could learn to do so, and at least could live happily with him. On July 23, 1882, they were married at her sister's home in Meridian, and went to Dunkirk to live.

While on their wedding journey Mrs. Putnam met a man whom she had known, and with whom she had a brief conversation, which was observed by Putnam, who immediately applied abusive and insulting language to his wife. This was the beginning of the trouble which ended in the tragedy.

HE DIDN'T CLEAN THE RANCH.

"You won't drink with me, eh? Think I ain't good 'nuff for you 'cause I don't wear a billed shirt? I'm from Colorado, an' I can clean out this ranch in two minutes. That's the kind of a wild prairie wolf I am. Look here!"

The speaker stood at the bar of Iseman & Schneider's saloon, No. 294 Bowery, April 28. He was young and tall, the bronzed face wore a slight mustache, and a mass of black hair fell in disorder upon his forehead. His clothing was dark and well worn, and the low collar of a blue flannel shirt exposed a full, muscular breast. As he finished his speech the man from Colorado threw open his coat, exhibiting a broad belt full of cartridges of many sizes, two enormous Colt revolvers and a dagger a foot long, while slung across his back was a Maynard rifle. He had gone into the saloon and roughly demanded liquor, which was refused, as he appeared to have had too much previously.

"Can't I have some whisky? Give me yer t-st!" he shouted.

"No, you are drunk now," said the bartender. "Get out of here."

"Drunk!" yelled the Western man. "I'll show yer how drunk I am. Whoop!"

He pulled out the pair of revolvers and waved them recklessly above his head. Several men rushed upon him, threw him upon the floor and disarmed him. The short struggle seemed to take away his strength, and he quietly allowed himself to be taken to Police Headquarters. He told Inspector Byrnes that his name was Francis Gunner, twenty-five years old. He had read about New York, he said, and thought that he would bring his weapons here to see how Eastern game compared with that of Colorado. He was locked up.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 56, out Saturday, May 3, contains: The Great Walk; tramping tankard for a big prize; scenes and incidents of the pedestrian contest at the Madison Square Garden; magnificently illustrated, and with portraits of the principal contestants. Poor, But Not Virtuous; the pretty little game a pretty little confidence woman is working on the unsophisticated, illustrated. Silk Dress or Husband; the queer game of dice which a pretty servant girl took part in, and the queer results which followed her winning. John Brougham's Friend; the nice young man who played poker and made them all sick. Dr. King to Death; how Celine De Chervieres won her husband; by Horace Vinton. Poker Sharps and Flats; how they work it and how they are worked. On Der Square The Prompter. Prowler. Referee. Billboard.

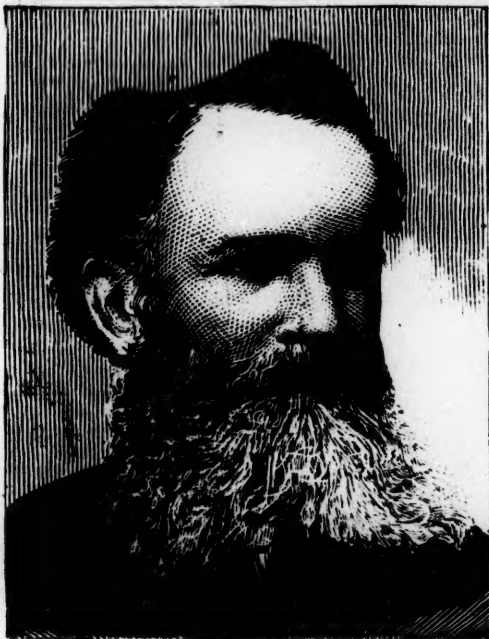
The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

KILLED BY HIS DAUGHTER'S ELOPEMENT.

Hirsch Levy, a well-known Hebrew citizen, about seventy years of age, of Quincy, Ill., fell dead at his supper-table, April 21, upon being informed that his youngest daughter, Rebecca, had married during the afternoon, and run off with a young sporting man named Melroy. The matter had been concealed from him by the family so that the wife might break the news to him. He leaves a large family of grown children.

A Fair Audience at a Prize Fight.

One of the most singular soft-glove fights that ever occurred in Pittsburg, Pa., or vicinity, took place Thursday night, April 24, in Arsenal Park, between "Bilson Jack" and Jack Clifford, for \$100 a side and a silver cup. It was singular in two respects—as regarded those in attendance and the style of the fight. Previous to the fight more than thirty young ladies of Lawrenceville, with escorts, indulged in a dance. When the hour for the fight arrived they clustered about the ring. The girls appeared to be not more than seventeen years of age, with the exception of a few, who were mothers, and carried their latest offspring in their arms. Bilson was the favorite. The fight was witnessed by a crowd of about 300 persons. At 1:15 the contestants, seconds and referee appeared on a stage thirteen feet square. It was announced that it was to be a soft-glove fight to a finish, London prize ring rules. The referee called time and each man advanced. Clifford at once led off with his right, but fell short. Bilson in response got his right home, but to no effect. A few rather harmless exchanges at close quarters followed, when the men clinched, and Clifford was cleverly thrown. In the second round Clifford displayed better judgment, and banged Bilson's face savagely. Bilson was also active, and pegged away at his rival's ribs and head. There was another clinch, and Clifford "back-



MAJOR THOS. E. MOORE,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN DIVISION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

heeled" his opponent. The third round was one of exchanges, and was ended by Clifford being forced through the ropes. At the close of the fourth round both men went down on the stage after exchanges of little effect. In the fifth round Clifford discovered that he was the better wrestler, and "hanked" Bilson, throwing him violently in good Cumberland style. With comparatively few exceptions, Clifford pursued these tactics until the end of the fight. Clifford is a clever wrestler in the Cumberland style, and completely outgeneraled Bilson. Clifford almost forced the contest into a wrestling match, and each man was through the ropes several times. In the ninety-third round Bilson got a rattler home, knocking Clifford off his pins. From then until the one hundred and twenty-first round Clifford indulged in his old tactics of leading off alternately with his right and left, now and then getting a warmer home. In the one hundred and twenty-first and last round Clifford hanked Bilson's neck with his left and administered three

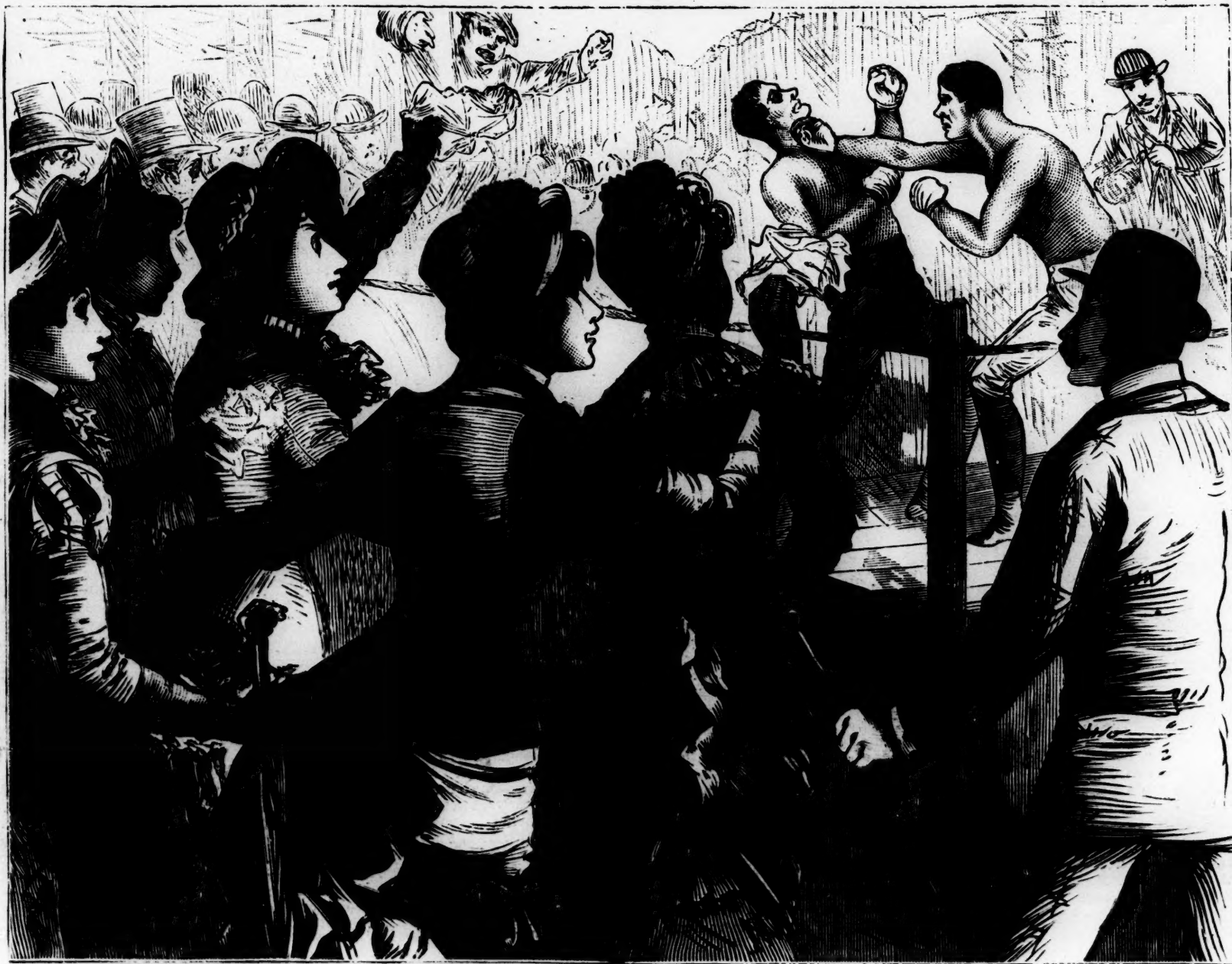


STRUCK DEAD IN A BROTHEL.

A MILLIONAIRE BREWER'S DEATH FROM APOPLEXY IN A FAMOUS BAGNIO IN GEORGE STREET, CINCINNATI.

fiercely-delivered stomachers. This knocked the wind out of Bilson, and he failed to come to time. Foul was claimed four times on Bilson, but the referee saw no reason to allow it. Bilson was carried from the stage to his home in a carriage. He was terribly punished. Clifford

was also badly punished. The police watched the mill to the close without interfering. The floor of the stage was made of rough planks and boards, and the numerous heavy falls sustained by each man had the effect of converting the exposed portion of their bodies into bruised



A RARE TREAT FOR THE LADIES.

A SOCIAL DANCE AT ARSENAL PARK, PITTSBURG, SUPPLEMENTED BY A GLOVE FIGHT BETWEEN BILSON JACK AND JACK CLIFFORD.

masses of flesh. The battle lasted one hour and forty-five minutes.

Michael Bowe.

Michael Bowe, an experienced and popular detective, and the oldest in service of the three assigned to duty at Jersey City Police Headquarters, died on the evening of April 22 from injuries received by a fall on the Sunday previous. He arrested "Belch" Harney, a notorious ruffian, who had badly beaten an inoffensive citizen, and locked him up at the Gregory street police station. Bowe was sitting on the iron railing at the top of the police station stoop, and while laughing heartily, he naturally threw himself back, lost his balance and fell a distance of ten feet. He was a stout, strong man, and in his fall broke several ribs and received internal injuries which caused his death.

Bowe was born in Jersey City about forty years ago. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private in the Fifth regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and by bravery was promoted until he became one of the staff of General—now United States Senator—Sewell. At the close of the war Bowe returned to Hudson City, now a part of Jersey City, and was appointed on the police force. When the cities were consolidated in 1871, he was transferred to the First precinct, was soon made precinct de-



MICHAEL BOWE,
LATE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES OF THE JERSEY CITY POLICE FORCE.

fective because of his superior ability, and was shortly after transferred to Police Headquarters.

His record is an enviable one, as he has made many important arrests, including the capture of two murderers who escaped from Kentucky. He was a genial and liberal man and saved nothing from his small earnings. He leaves a wife and three small children. His body was interred in the new Catholic cemetery at West Side, Jersey City, on April 25.

A Dental Kiss.

The wife of a prominent business man in Cartersville, Ga., recently went to Dr. Cason, a dentist, for treatment, and when she was firmly fixed in the dentist's chair the doctor's feelings so far overcame him that he imprinted a shower of kisses upon her lips. Indignantly she wrenched herself from his grasp and informed her husband of the indignity to which she had been subjected. Her husband met the doctor on the street and slapped his face. Cason was tried, found guilty of assault and fined \$50 which he paid.

A Goat in Church.

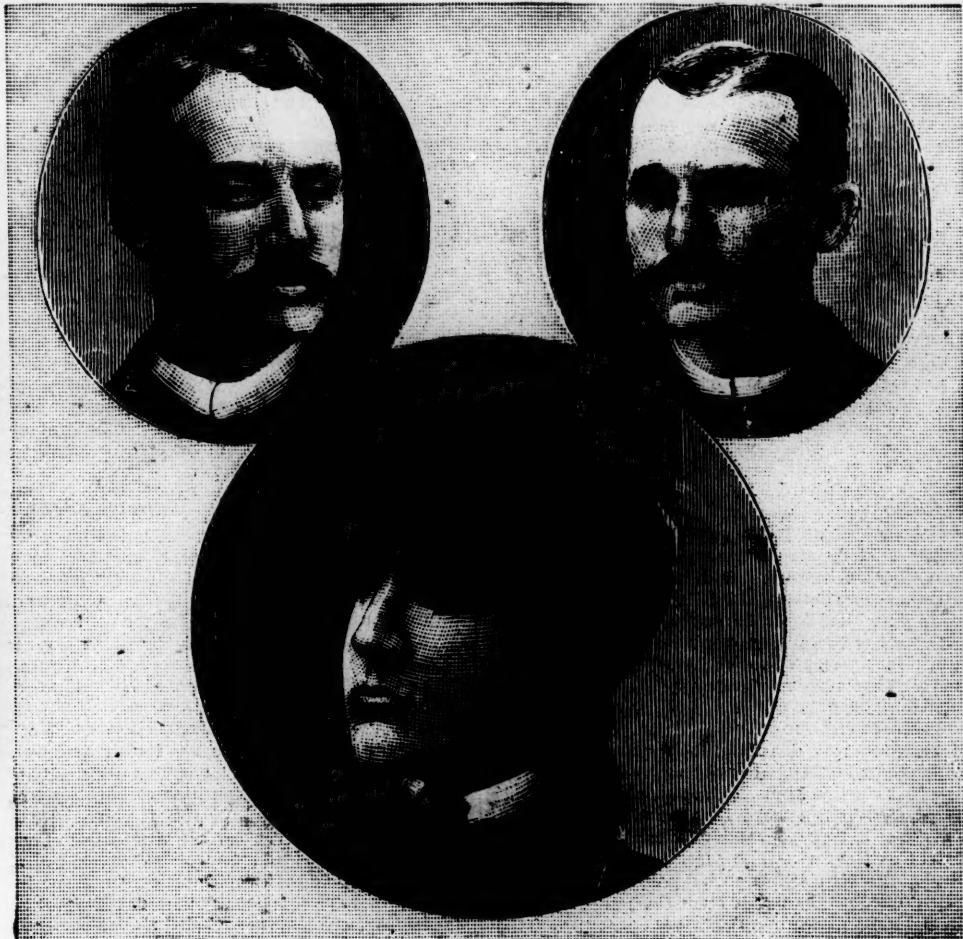
Wm. McGivern is the sexton of the Sacred Heart Church in Clermont avenue, Brooklyn. On Sunday, April 27, he opened the church as usual, and was surprised to see that the Bible



TILDEN G. ABBOTT,

DEFAULTING CASHIER OF THE UNION MARKET NATIONAL BANK, WATERTOWN, MASS.

in use in the vestry had almost all the leaves torn out of the middle of the book, while the prayer-books in the different pews were similarly treated. He was at a loss to understand it, but went about his duties as usual. The congregation filled the church for the 7 o'clock mass, and during the most impressive portion

**THE ST. LOUIS SCANDAL.**

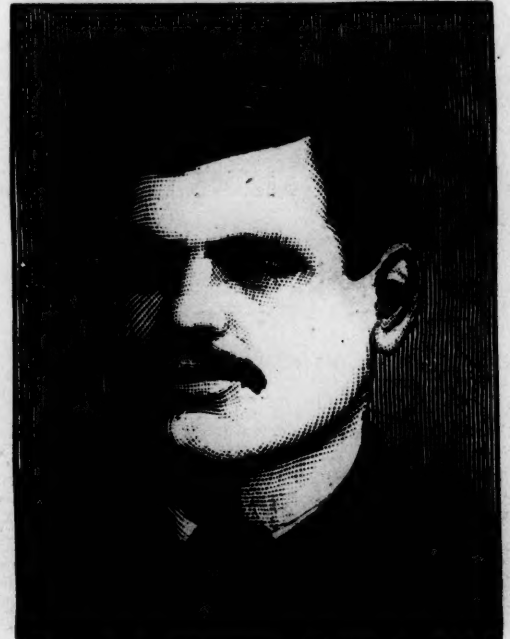
THREE THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES WHO CAUSED A COMMOTION IN THE ST. JAMES HOTEL. NO. I—MISS LOTTIE ELLIOTT. NO. II—ABE LEAVITT. NO. III—JOHN C. HARRINGTON.

of the ceremony an old lady in the middle aisle of the church suddenly sprang up with an affrighted yell, throwing the congregation into consternation.

At the same time a large William goat sprang out from under the pew and ran up the middle aisle toward the altar. Sexton McGivern immediately gave chase, but was unable to capture the goat, who dodged in and out among the pews, and it took the united efforts of the sexton and Trustee Sheridan to capture him and put him out of the church. With a final kick Sexton McGivern said to the goat:

"Confound you, will you stick to the Catholic religion, now that you have swallowed so much of it?"

Mr. McGivern afterward said that the goat must have made his entrance into the church on Saturday night while the confessions of the faithful were being heard. The neighborhood is infested with these gay and festive animals.



J. H. BAIRD,

THE LANCASTER, N. H., EDITOR ACCUSED OF THE SEDUCTION OF NELLIE PHELPS.

A Profane Clergyman.

Rev. Mr. Delo, for four years pastor of the Lutheran Church at Centre Brunswick, N. Y., has recently had trouble with his congregation. The announcement that he intended to preach his farewell sermon on Sunday, April 27, drew a large congregation. Mr. Delo's discourse was devoted in the main to a scathing arraignment of the officers of the church, and in the course of his remarks he said: "I shall be preaching the Gospel when a majority of this congregation is in hell."

The remark created a profound sensation. An old farmer who had listened attentively said, in a tone which caused not a few to smile: "This may all be so, and perhaps he will be preaching to his old congregation."

There is a very bitter feeling toward Mr. Delo, and threats are openly made against him. An ex-member of the Assembly said:

"Give but the word, and men stand ready to tar and feather him."



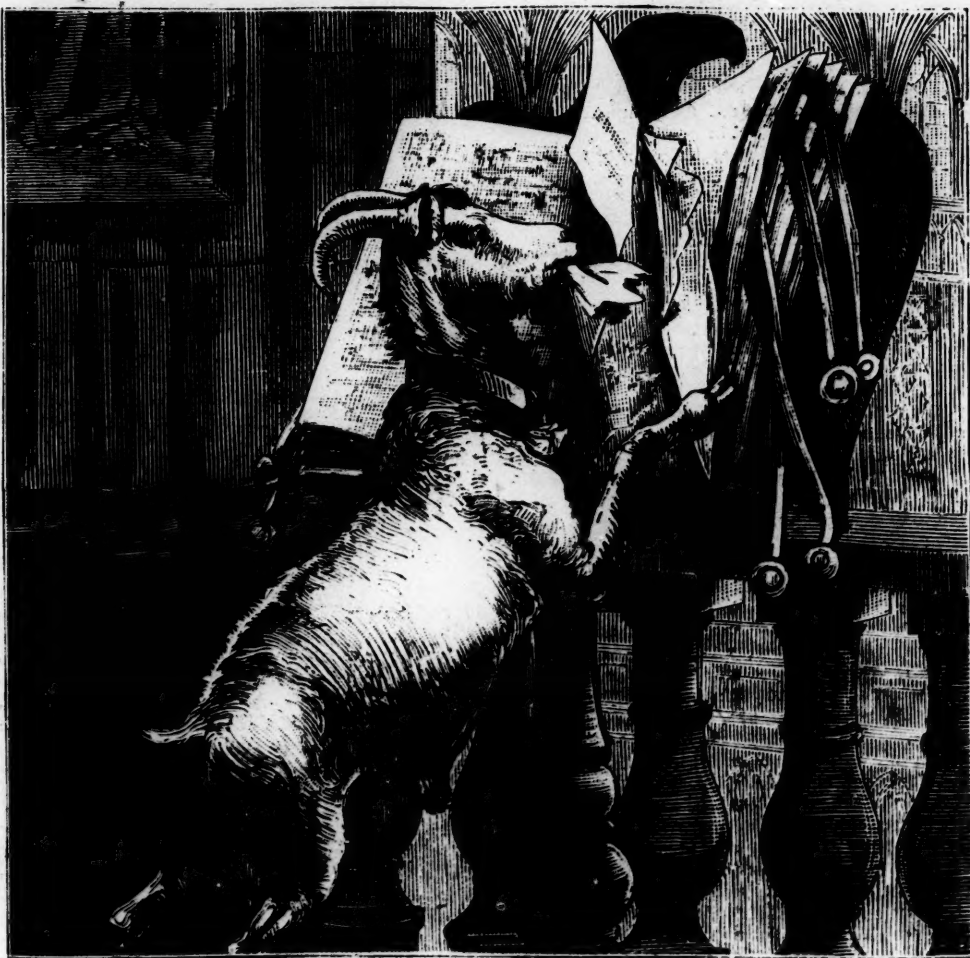
DR. RUFUS W. PEACOCK,

CONVICTED AT JERSEY CITY, N. J., OF DEFRAUDING THE AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

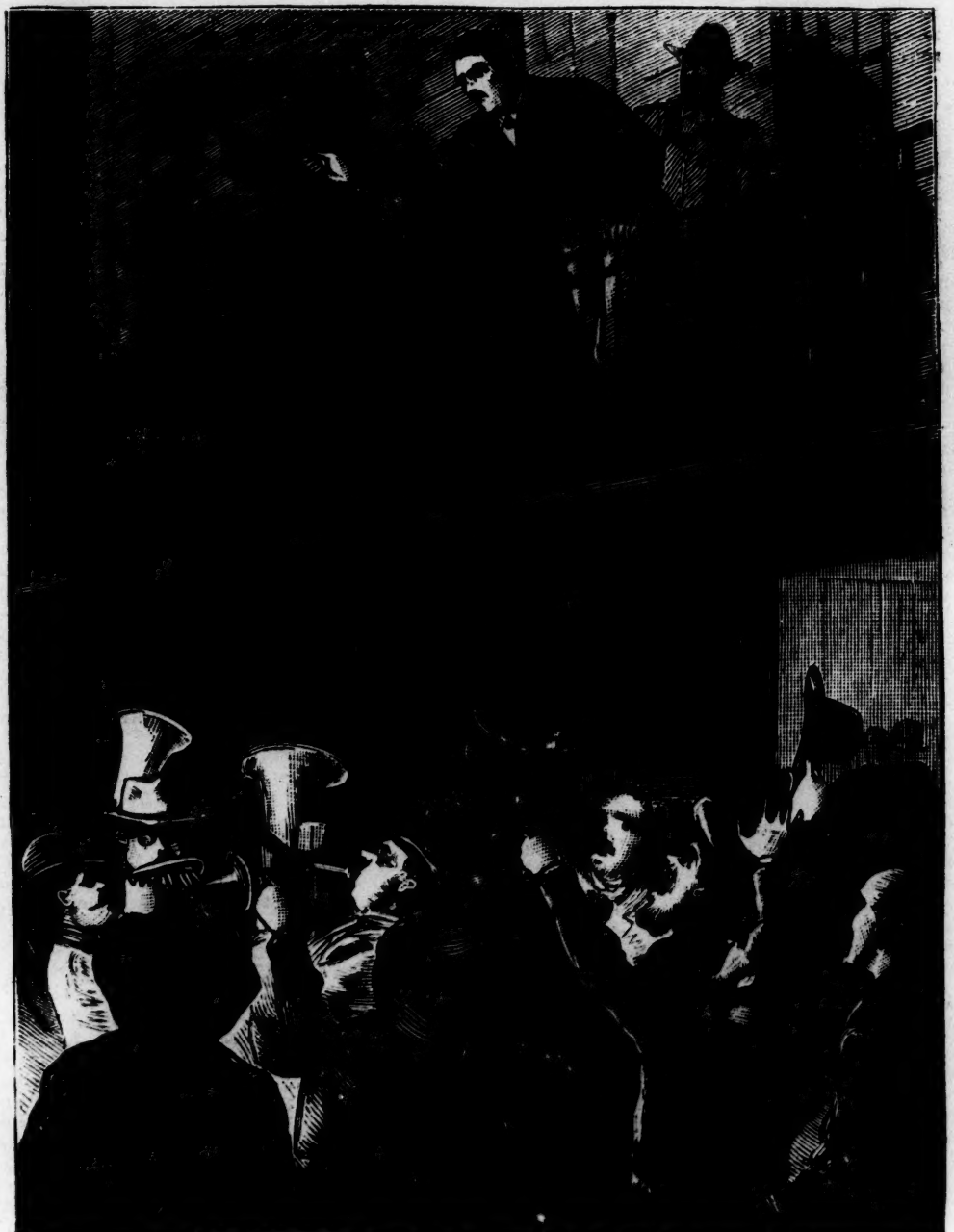


JOHN D. HARRINGTON,

WHO GOT TWO YEARS IN JAIL FOR CONSPIRING WITH DR. PEACOCK.

**SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.**

THE PIOUS PROCLIVITIES OF A GOAT WHO ATTENDED SERVICE AT A BROOKLYN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

**FRANK JAMES STILL A HERO.**

HE IS SERENADED BY A PARTY OF ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS UPON HIS ACQUITTAL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XV.

HOME TO SUFFOLK.

THE COST OF AN OFFICER'S SMOKE.

How a Pipe-Light Created a Panic--- A Scene of Horror Which was Never Reported.

At dark the writer learned that the railroad track, or as much of it as Gen. Peck wanted, had been torn up and transported to Suffolk. It was expected the enemy would be re-enforced and the next day make a desperate attack that would engage all our force. The writer sought Col. Murphy's headquarters and spread his blankets for the night among his staff. At one in the morning we were awakened, the troops were aroused and a retreat was begun toward Suffolk. The picket fires were left burning to deceive the enemy, and the pickets were left to be captured, in order that we might effect our retirement unopposed.

The orders were explicit that no lights were to be shown, not a canteen allowed to clatter. Everything was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy in the face of an enemy who was supposed to be alert and suspicious of our intention to get away after doing all the damage we could with as little loss of life on our part as possible. The night was dark with a threatening storm, the air was chill, the road dismal and swampy, and the outlook for men disturbed in a pleasant sleep was decidedly dismal. We conducted our march with due caution for about five miles, until we plunged into the Stygian blackness of the piece of road that ran through the swamp. The writer was riding beside Col. McIvor, of a New York regiment, which had the right of Murphy's brigade. In front of us was one of the Massachusetts nine months regiments. All of us were floundering on through the mud and darkness in the reverse of a happy frame of mind. McIvor, who was a little, short-legged fellow, was vain of his horsemanship, and persisted in riding a most vicious black stallion against the advice of his friends. The animal was especially hated by the men of the regiment, and many threats were made that it would be shot dead in the very first engagement. McIvor rode the stallion on this night. The Colonel filled his pipe as we were groping through the woods, and made several futile attempts to light a match on his saddle-bow. The flame flickered and expired in the damp night breeze before he could apply it to the tobacco. The writer remarked that he was violating orders, since every one had been cautioned to show no lights. He laughed at this precaution at this stage of the journey, however, and continued his efforts. A minute after he asked the reporter if he had a newspaper in his pocket. The reporter had, and very foolishly handed it over. The Colonel made a gigantic cigar-lighter of it and lit it from a match. The flame of the burning paper flared up, illuminating all objects around for a moment. Suddenly two shots were heard, and the Colonel was flung headlong from his horse, carrying the blazing paper with him in his fall. The shots had evidently come from a tree, for the one that knocked McIvor from his horse and stunned him had passed downward through the visor of his forage cap, so close as to raise a great bump on his forehead, but scarcely abrading the skin. The stallion, alarmed by the fall of his rider and the flash of the burning paper, gave a wild, startling cry of fright and, wheeling about, dashed through the regiment in the rear, knocking down and trampling on men in the dark, and creating a wild scene of disorder. At this the green nine months regiment in front halted and turned about in frantic alarm at the sound of trampling hoofs and cries of terror and pain. Some one yelled from the confusion and darkness, "Cavalry charged! cavalry charged!" Then the green regiment in advance opened fire on the regiment in the rear, and the two regiments had a desperate battle in the night, fighting with blind fury for fifteen minutes. The officers dashed among their men with reckless bravery in vain attempts to quell the terrible scene, and were only successful when several of them had been wounded and the panic-stricken men had exhausted the impulses of their terror.

When this affair was over daylight was just beginning to peep through the dismal arches of the woods. And a sad scene it presented to the gaze of the horrified witnesses. There were nineteen wounded, and at least five dead. Possibly the casualties numbered many more, but no report was ever made, no notice was ever taken of the events of that terrible night, and no reporter had the hardihood to report the scene lest he might be branded as disloyal and inclined to discourage enlistments. Gen. Getty remembers it well, for he adds the intelligence that he had hauled the battery out into a field in the rear of this terrible action, and had it gone on a few moments longer he intended to shell the contestants to bring them to their senses. The sudden lull in the battle—as sudden as its outbreak—was all that saved them. At 9 o'clock in the morning the entire force had been safely bestowed in its camps at Suffolk, the dead and wounded of the midnight battle had been put away. Gen. Peck had his laurels, and the gallant forty thousand settled down to guard the General and his dainty staff against the assaults of the terrible "bogie man," nursery fame and tradition, in default of any flesh and blood enemies to oppose. This unreported midnight battle between our own men in the Dismal Swamp was the last actual fighting that took place in the vicinity of Suffolk or Norfolk. Some months after the former town was abandoned and an easier defensive line established at Deep Creek, nearer Norfolk and Portsmouth, which was held peaceably until the end of the war, by a comparatively small force, in a remarkably strong defensive position.

Of all the "soft snaps" that the favorite officers and pretended soldiers of the Administration could hope for, a post at Fortress Monroe was the best. It was the

softest and easiest in every way. There was nothing like it ever offered in any army or in any campaign. The commanding officer lives in a mansion within the immense fortification, and his staff and the garrison occupy a comfortable little village. Outside the most facing the sea, in 1863 there still remained the little cottages which were appendages to the Hygeia Hotel, then burned down because it interfered with the range of guns in the casemates of the fortress. These cottages were appropriated by the officers of the Engineer corps and Capt. James, the Provost-marshal of the post, who lived there with their families. There was society at Old Point Comfort, and flirtations and larks of all descriptions. There was the long wharf to promenade on in the evening after the Baltimore boats (the steamers Adelaide and Louisiana) had departed, a fleet of chartered tugs was at hand if a free sail was desired, or to take a late party up to Norfolk, twenty miles away, to the theatre. Sam Glenn, the actor, was running in that city. Or if a moonlight ride was preferred, there were the Government stables with excellent mounts and an excellent road to Hampton, and a cross-cut that would bring you out at the seaside two miles away, and afford you an opportunity to gallop home over beautiful smooth beach. What wonder that the favorites wrangled for this post! Butler managed to get it three times, and held it three or four months each time. Ben always had some novelty in management to startle the residents with when he came. His last crank in that locality was to make every one pay a dollar to the Provost-marshal for a pass to go to Norfolk or to return. This, in addition to the regular fare of fifty cents each way, made the passage \$1.50, which was considered a great hardship generally, but no one dared say so. The reporter talked pretty loudly one evening on the wharf, and was overheard by one of Butler's staff. That night, as the reporter was dozing in preparation for his slumbers, the jingle of a cavalryman's saber and a rap at his door startled him. He opened and a tall trooper entered. Without a word he presented an order to the reporter to report himself at once at Gen. Butler's quarters in the fort. The sensation of being summoned at midnight before such a personage was not a pleasant one, but the writer made the best of the situation, and hastily donning his clothes accompanied the cavalryman to the fort. The countersign was given in a stage whisper by the chaperon and the pair passed by the sentry. The countersign that night was "Pea Ridge," and the writer is not likely to forget it, for his frame of mind was such at that time as to make all his faculties extremely acute and his memory retentive. The General was in his office at a desk. The cavalryman retired. The General fixed the reporter with his eye. After a long glare at him he broke out with:

"Young man, you are a reporter on duty here?"

"I am."

"You remarked on the wharf this evening that it was robbery to charge a dollar for the mere privilege to pass a sentry at the gang-plank of a steamboat. Is that your honest opinion?"

"It was, sir, when I said it, but I may have been rather—"

"But you added that you didn't know what was done with the large sum of money collected by the Provost-marshal unless I scooped it in. Do you believe that?"

"I have no proofs of such a charge, and don't wish to make it."

"You object personally to paying a dollar for a provost-marshal's pass?"

"I do."

"And think it's a private money-making scheme of my own?"

"I don't say that."

"Very well. You may go to your quarters. You have the countersign."

The writer went, much abashed, and conscious of an unwelcome awkwardness.

The next morning he was roused from his slumbers by the same old clank of the cavalry saber, the same thundering knock, and, opening the door, there stood the identical cavalryman.

"Again?"

"I'm ordered to leave this with you," said he, tendering an official envelope.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with you," said the scribe, seizing his garments.

"I have no orders that you shall go with me. I'm only to leave that paper," and with that he turned about and stalked away.

The envelope contained a free pass from Butler, to Norfolk and back, good during his term of command. This silenced the reporter's voice and blunted his pen. Had he continued to complain he would have been locked up for a certainty. That was Ben's way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CLARKESVILLE, TENN., TRAGEDY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Clarksville, Tenn., April 25, John T. D. Woods shot and instantly killed R. A. May, a well-known young man. A sister-in-law of Woods, Belle Barick, claimed that May had ruined her under promise of marriage. Woods had warned May that unless he kept his promise he would have to take the consequences, and was looking for him with a shot-gun. May remained concealed at home. At 8 o'clock Woods deliberately walked into the parlor of May's mother's boarding-house, and pending a parley between them, May getting up from a sofa upon which he was lying, and standing with his arm resting upon his mother's shoulder, Woods fired five shots in rapid succession, two of them taking effect. One entered the left forehead, and the other the left temple. The powder from Woods' pistol burned Mrs. May's cheek. May fired one shot at Woods, which, it is thought, took effect. May fell to the floor, and expired instantly. Woods escaped on horseback.

A DEACON'S RACKET.

Social circles at Hagerstown, Md., have been in a ferment over the sudden disappearance of John Cameron, a highly respected citizen, and a deacon in the church for twenty years. Mrs. John D. Barr, whose husband is a cripple, went with him. Cameron, who had been busily engaged in farming matters, requested Mrs. Barr to assist his wife with some sewing. Her husband consented to her visiting the Camerons for this purpose. Under this plea they met. Cameron took her in his buggy to Hancock. He sold the team, bought a new suit of clothes on credit, and, it is stated, took the first train west over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It is thought they have gone to Canada, where Cameron formerly lived. He borrowed several hundred dollars from his neighbors before his departure. Mrs. Barr left two little children behind. Cameron had no children.

AN ILL-FAMED MILLIONAIRE.

Knocked Out by an Apoplectic Stroke While
Reveling in a Cincinnati Bagnio.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While partially unconscious and somewhat under the influence of liquor, Thomas Gaff, the inordinately wealthy distiller of Cincinnati and Aurora, Ind., dropped dead of apoplexy in an aristocratic George street, Cincinnati assignment house, April 25. The bagnio is a fashionable resort, conducted by a shrewd young woman known as Miss Lizzie Rose.

Mr. Gaff called at the house and repaired to an upstairs room, where he remained a short time with a woman. Directly this woman came down and stated that Mr. Gaff had fainted. This communication was made to Elizabeth Reed, the colored servant. Reed looked at the sick man, and gave it as her opinion that he was dying. She counseled the woman who was with Mr. Gaff to go after a doctor. The woman left the house ostensibly for the purpose of summoning a physician, but did not return. This woman was a well-connected young widow.

The greatest consternation seized upon the few inmates of the house when they realized that the gentleman was dead. They were filled with all sorts of vague fears in that they surmised that the death of such a prominent man as Mr. Gaff in the house would send all of them to prison for life. Capt. Parker and a number of other friends of the deceased were sent for, and as quickly as possible they had the corpse dressed and removed to Wilster's undertaking establishment, where it was prepared for shipment to Aurora, Ind., the home of the deceased.

At first the feasibility of keeping the death of Mr. Gaff a secret was discussed, but it was decided that such a move would be not only injudicious, but impossible, as the gentleman was too widely known not to be missed from the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, he being a regular attendant upon 'Change. The friends of the dead man were exceedingly anxious to hit upon a plan that would suppress the facts in the case, but there were too many persons cognizant of the true history, and it was concluded that the only thing to do was to give the straight of the story at the start, as it was sure to transpire in time.

The story at first told by the proprietress of the house was to the effect that she was out in the afternoon, and that while she was gone the servant girl Reed was requested by a friend of the deceased to permit the old gentleman to rest himself in the house, as he was ill. The girl, according to Miss Rose's statement, admitted the two gentlemen, although they were perfect strangers, because they were well dressed. The gentleman that brought the sick man to the house stated that they were passing at the time the illness overtook the old gentleman, and the landlady did not learn whether the two were acquainted, or whether the younger had merely met the deceased on the street near the house, and noticing his illness had volunteered his services to the stranger. The younger man left, saying that he would send a doctor, but he did not come back himself. The landlady declared that she did not know who either gentleman was, and even did not learn who the deceased was; after his death his friends declining to tell her. She said that she did not know any of the gentlemen who called to have the body removed. The fear was entertained by Miss Rose that it would be suspected that the gentleman had been murdered, but there was no mark of violence visible on the body, and the symptoms all pointed to apoplexy.

Mr. Gaff's distilling interests were probably larger than those of any one man in this part of the country. He was one of the proprietors of the Crescent Brewery, of Aurora; of the Thistle Distillery of Cuyington; the G. F. Schumann & Co., Distillery, and the Gaff Distillery, in Aurora.

His Cincinnati interests were so large that he was looked upon almost as a Cincinnati man. He owned several private residences, was the principal owner of the Lullaby jewelry store on Fourth street, and was the heaviest owner in the Cincinnati and Louisville Mail Line Company. He lived in a beautiful residence in Aurora, the largest and finest in town, located on the brow of the hill, and surrounded by a magnificent park. At this luxurious home he would spend his evenings. Late in the forenoon he would leave for Cincinnati, and he could always be seen on the noon train. He would spend his time on 'Change and looking after his business interests, and then take the 6 o'clock train for home.

Mrs. Gaff has been an invalid for years, and for a long period has not appeared in public.

Thomas Gaff was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, July 8, 1808, and came to the United States with his parents, James and Margaret Gaff, when but three years of age, and settled in Springfield, N. J.

DEFAULTER ABBOTT'S FUN ENDED.

[With Portrait.]

Tilden G. Abbott, the defaulting cashier of the Union Market National Bank, Watertown, Mass., a Boston suburb, who absconded Jan. 26 last with about \$57,000 belonging to the institution, was arrested April 21 at Pierce City, Mo. When he disappeared the case was placed in the hands of the Boston police, and Detective "Anscom" was detailed to search for the fugitive. Circulars were prepared and sent out through the country giving a description of Abbott, and letters were written to various places.

They described Abbott as "about thirty-five years old; six feet in height; has jet-black hair, eyebrows and mustache, and very dark, piercing eyes; has lately worn shorter side-whiskers than shown in picture; weighs about 150 pounds; erect and rather slim. Is very good-looking, and might be called handsome. Is gentlemanly and mild in his manner, of good address and pleasant voice, prompt and correct in his speech."

Recently a blacksmith in Pierce City, Mo., came into possession of a copy of the circular sent out soon after Abbott's flight, which contained a description and photograph of the defaulter. Abbott arrived in Pierce City about the middle of February with a worthless fellow named T. C. Clayton, who is well known and lives at Mount Vernon, near by, where Abbott had been for a week or two. Abbott bought a nice house in Clayton's name, and also set him up in the clothing business, stocking a large store with some \$15,000 worth of goods. Abbott went by the name of J. H. Foster, and soon after he was joined by Mrs. Foster, who turns out to be a Miss Katie Hughes, a relative of his brother's wife. It seems that Miss Hughes left some weeks ago, and came East and visited Abbott's parents, and returned with John J. Hughes, of Watertown, a friend of Abbott's. Hughes induced Abbott to shake off

Clayton, and Clayton mortgaged the house and store to Hughes for their full value. Attachments have been made by Clayton's wife in a divorce suit. Carriages, colored servants, a liberal distribution of money to charities and friends, champagne suppers, etc., marked the wonderful advent of Foster and the heretofore slightly impecunious Clayton. He gave \$500 to one friend, \$200 to another, over \$100 to two or three other parties, and \$100 to a colored church. The blacksmith became convinced, after watching the clothing-dealer, "Foster," that he was the man called for in the circular.

On Monday, April 21, he telegraphed to President Shaw, of the Watertown Bank, giving him an inkling of his belief, and asking as to the amount of reward that would be paid for Abbott's arrest. The president informed him that \$1,000 and a certain percentage of the money recovered would be paid. The blacksmith then caused Abbott to be arrested, and on Tuesday morning he telegraphed the fact, saying also in the dispatch that Abbott had confessed to his identity, and that he was willing to return without requisition papers.

It is expected that \$10,000 at least will be recovered.

A dispatch from Pierce City, dated April 28, said: "A deputy United States marshal arrived here this morning with a warrant for Tilden G. Abbott. Abbott was turned over to him, and he left at once for Jefferson City. Abbott got hold of a bottle of whiskey in some way and became intoxicated, and loudly threatened trouble, boasting of what his friends would do for him."

FOILED BY A PLUCKY GIRL.

A Brutal Negro Meets With a Hot Reception at
Rossville, S. I.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Residents of Rossville, S. I., and the farmers and fishermen living in the vicinity are freely incensed, and threatening to lynch a negro of the village, known as Thomas Wilson, for an assault attempted Sunday night, April 27, on two unprotected orphan girls. Jennie Goff, aged nineteen, lives alone with her younger sister, Mary, in a pretty cottage on Washington avenue, which was left to them on the death of their mother five months ago. They support themselves by sewing for their neighbors, and are highly esteemed by all who know them. The negro effected an entrance through a rear door insecurely fastened, and stole up stairs to the room in which he knew the girls slept. Only a week before he had been employed to kill a savage dog belonging to the younger sister, which had bitten a neighbor, and on this account he appears to have gone about his purpose in a leisurely manner, fearing no alarm.

He had the temerity to light a lamp on a small table at the bedside, and throw its glare into the faces of the sleeping girls. This awakened the elder girl, who no sooner saw the miscreant than she bravely attacked him, and succeeded after a desperate struggle in driving him from the house. Jennie Goff is a very pretty and well-developed girl, muscular and active, and appears to be possessed of much nerve and self-control. In telling the story of the assault she said:

"My sister Mary and myself retired at an early hour. How long we had been asleep I do not know, when I was suddenly awakened by the pressure of a man's hand on my throat and the glare of a lamp in front of my face. I was badly frightened, but when he turned to set down the lamp I jumped up desperately and struck him as hard as I could with my clinched fist right between the eyes. He was in a kneeling position on the bed, and I knocked him off upon the floor. He jumped up with a terrible oath and rushed toward me again. I hit him once more, and scratched him so hard that I found particles of his flesh under my finger-nails the next morning. I was all in a tremble, yet my fear seemed to give me fresh courage. I think I must have struck him a terrible blow, for he reeled under it and began to groan with pain."

"As he staggered back I saw his face and cried to my sister:

"'Heavens! It's a nigger!'

"She had been awake before, but was too frightened to move. When she heard this, though, she began to scream as loud as she could, and so did I. The man threw the lamp on the floor and attacked me a third time, saying he would kill us if we did not stop our noise. He caught me in his arms, and I was awfully frightened, but the thought that Mary would be at his mercy if I should faint forced me to another effort, and I continued to strike him with all my might."

"My sister kept screaming all the while," continued the young lady, "and this must have made him afraid he would be caught by the neighbors, for he struck me in the face and ran to the window. As I saw him climbing out I jumped out of bed and pushed him over the sill. He tumbled to the ground and struck his chin on an ash-can in the yard."

"When he had gone I ran to Mr. Platt's, next door, and he aroused the village. In the morning, by a trail of blood from my window to Mr. Decker's store, they traced the man and found Tom Wilson in the cellar, bleeding terribly from a wound in his throat and not able to speak. His face was covered with the marks of my nails. When he came to my room he brought with him a heavy cloak, with which he must have intended to stifle our screams."

Wilson was taken before Justice Halle, of Rossville; but as the people threatened lynching, it was thought best to convey him at once to the Richmond County Jail.

REBUKED BY UNCLE SAM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Rye, N. Y., is a pleasant little hamlet chiefly famous for the deadly and swift effect of its whiskey, and the residence of a number of eminent New Yorkers. One of these latter possesses a son, who, like most sons of wealthy parents, is a confirmed no-good. The chief employment of this sprig of his father's gentility is to hang around the railway station and insult all the ladies who are unfortunate enough to come within the focus of his watery optics with a leer of admiration on which he is said to have a patent. He was exercising himself in this way last week, when a through train whirled by. From the door of the mail-car the usual weighty mail-bag was hurled, and it happened to strike the platform just where the rural heart-annihilator was posing in as graceful a position as he could assume to ogle a couple of pretty girls who were waiting for their big brother to come from town, to get him to lay their insurer out. Uncle Sam saved the big brother the trouble, however. The wretched dude was taken off his feet by the mail-bag and wiped half the platform up with his new spring suit before he came to a stop. He was taken home on a manure wagon, and at last accounts there was some fear that he would survive.

THE GREAT WALK.

The Six-Day Go-As-You-Please Match at Madison Square Garden.

The Old-Reliable Treaders of the Tanbark in a Fair and Square Contest.

[With Portrait and Illustrations.]

The great six-day go-as-you-please walking match began at Madison Square Garden at one minute after midnight of Sunday, April 27, and ended at midnight on Saturday, May 3. It was one of the most remarkable contests of the kind on record, and proved that the interest in such exhibitions of physical endurance still has an attraction for the public. All the arrangements of the affair were perfect, and Mr. Peter Duryea, the manager, is entitled to great credit for the admirable manner in which he superintended the matter.

Fourteen walkers started when the word was given. Most of them were well-known pedestrians, and from the start it was seen that the struggle was to be a great one. The starters were:

Charles Rowell, English, record.....	506	miles
Patrick Fitzgerald, Irish, record.....	532	miles
Robert Vint, Irish, record.....	578	miles
John Sullivan, Irish, record.....	569	miles
George D. Noremac, Scotch, record.....	568 1/2	miles
Daniel J. Herty, American, record.....	556	miles
Peter Napoleon Campana, American, of Bridgeport, Conn., record.....	500	miles
Samuel Day, English, entered by the Moseley Harriers' Club, of Birmingham, Eng., record.....	456	miles
Alfred Elson, American, Meriden, Conn., record.....	423	miles
Wm. Wallace Lounsbury, Chicago, Ill.		
Charles Thompson, American, New York city.		
Peter J. Panchot, Minnesota.		
Nitaw-Eg-Ebow, of the Chippewa tribe, Dakota.		
Wm. H. Burrell, colored, American, New York.		

The latter took the place of Frank H. Hart, the well-known colored pedestrian, who had been originally entered, but withdrew at the last moment. George Hains, of Pennsylvania, one of the original entries, also failed to start. Little information was current, concerning William Wallace Lounsbury, excepting that he had once been book-keeper, had tried of quill-driving, and had become enamored of the idea that he could make more money out of his legs than out of his pen. William H. Burrell, the negro who had taken Hart's place, was another rather dark horse. He is said to have developed much muscular energy by beating carpets, being a carpet-cleaner by trade; but he had been smitten with the idea that going-as-you-please was easier business than pounding carpets, and having (it is alleged) got over some ninety miles in eighteen hours, he thought that he could keep it up for six days.

But romantic speculation centered on Nitaw-Eg-Ebow, the Indian runner. It was said that he had covered 332 miles in three days, running over hill and dale, either seal-hunting or buffalo-hunting or deer-hunting; and that to run for six days without sleeping a wink was, for him, the easiest thing in the world. The pronunciation of his name furnishes a fruitful theme for discussion. People who are not gifted linguists got around that easily by dubbing him "Nick-Elbow." His fellow-contestants, who are averse to anything but leg exercise, eased their tongues by calling him "Peek-a-boob."

No great excitement or disturbance occurred during the first day. The leaders and veterans of the sawdust path had adopted different tactics on the start from those practiced in former races. There were no fierce brushes, lap after lap, as of old, but the men settled down to a steady gait that if continued day after day would result in the highest score yet known in pedestrianism.

This even, telling pace was fast enough to throw half the starters far behind in the first twelve hours. The first wrecked was William Wallace Lounsbury, of Chicago, the Adonis of the procession. His sturdy build, broad shoulders and symmetrical legs made him an apparently formidable opponent to men who had achieved nearly 600 miles in a week. He was the slowest man that ever started in a race. At 10 A. M., 46 miles sent him into the banks and shoals of time.

At noon, twelve hours from the start, the two leaders were the English pair, Rowell and Day. Day had 80 1/2 miles to his credit, against Rowell's 80 1/2.

The second day furnished two more victims of collapse. John Sullivan was the first to throw up the sponge. In the silent hours of the night he made up his mind that it was better to be a hotel clerk with a big diamond pin than be champion foot-racer. At twenty-five minutes past 5 A. M., he sent a notice to that effect to Referee Busby and retired with a record of 73 miles. Besides the pain in his side, which was said to be due to a strain, his stomach got out of order. It was also rumored that he had had a hemorrhage, but this was denied. Sullivan entered the race without having taken proper care of himself. His pulse fell very low and it was thought that serious consequences might follow if he remained on the track. So he retired after having contributed the snug sum of \$100 to the pocket of the winner. He went to the Putnam House, where he remained until it was time to take the night boat for Albany.

The next to fall was Campana, "Old Sport," who was supposed to have been engaged as the clown of the exhibition, and to remain on the track until the close, although he had not the ghost of a chance of winning.

When Campana came out in the evening his cap was pulled down over his eyes, and he wore the coat in which he peddles bananas at Bridgeport. He stopped at the scorers' desk.

"You can take my name down," he said. "I'm out of this race. The folks didn't treat me right. And an old New Yorker like me, too!"

Then while his shingle was being decorated with a big naught he made a bee-line for the bar-room.

"Come along and have a drink," he said to a man with a big black mustache and a shining diamond. "I've paid my \$100 and I've as good right to a drink as any man here."

The man with the black mustache paid for the drink, and in return Campana unobscured himself to the crowd for an hour. His score was 71 miles 1 lap, and he was the third man out.

The third day settled three more of the ambitious

plodders. Shortly after 6 o'clock in the morning Burrell, the colored walker, withdrew from the race with 180 miles and 2 laps to his credit. He was not unwell and did not look out of form, but he thought it was no use continuing the race, as he could not cover enough miles to regain his entrance fee.

Day left the track since 6:15 P. M., and fears were expressed that he had withdrawn from the contest. Nothing definite could be learned from his trainers until nearly 11 o'clock, when it was definitely known that nature could stand no more. The plucky fellow had pushed along all day in spite of disordered stomach and swollen limbs. On going to his hut he fell into a deep sleep, and awoke with severe colic and cramps. He felt very much disappointed at his failure, and asked that his name be kept on the board until after midnight. He came over from England on purpose to enter this race. His defeat leaves him without a dollar to pay incurred expenses, to say nothing of getting home. His backer said that the fault was in his training. He never considered it necessary to practice more than 25 miles a day, while Rowell and Fitzgerald covered between 40 and 50.

Burrell and Day were joined in the outer gloom by Thompson. The latter was troubled with cramps from the start, and also with the delusion that he was not treated right. When he retired on Tuesday night he offered to go 110 miles each succeeding day if he were given a mustard bath. His trainers refused the mustard bath, and Thompson thereupon quit mad. He had gone 161 miles.

The fourth day was an exciting one. Rowell, who had all along been at the head, lost his lead in the race. At 1:45 A. M. Fitzgerald and Rowell came on the track and raced around at a faster pace than at any time since Monday. Between 2 and 3 o'clock each made 7 miles. The pace was too hot for Rowell, however, and a little after 3 o'clock he went in for half an hour. He went off again at 4:30 for 35 minutes, and at 6 he went off for an hour and a half. In the meantime Fitzgerald improved the shining hour, and went rapidly around the track, and at 6:22 passed Rowell's score for the first time in the race. There were but few people in the Garden at the time, but those that were present shouted themselves hoarse. When Rowell again made his appearance Fitzgerald led him 4 miles.

At the close of the day, midnight, Fitzgerald had scored 47 miles and 6 laps, and Rowell 440 miles. At that time Fitzgerald was 1 1/4 miles ahead of the best record, and had beaten the best record for the fourth day by 4 1/4 miles. Rowell was 7 miles ahead of the record.

The following is the record:

Name.	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	4th day.	5th day.
Fitzgerald.....	126	100	110	111 6	88 7
Rowell.....	135 1	105	105 7	94	85
Vint.....	115 1	95 7	99	94 3	75 6
Herty.....	120	97 4	99 1	88 3	88 5
Noremac.....	120 7	95 2	96 1	80 1	101 6
Panchot.....	123 4	89	99 4	90 3	103 5
Elson.....	113 7	86 1	86 2	86	82 6
Day.....	125	47 6	47 6		
Burrell.....	125	83	63 3	4 1	
Thompson.....	95	61 7			
Nitaw-Eg-Ebow.....	94 5	30 3	11 3	14	7 2
Sullivan.....	73				
Campana.....	71				
Lounsbury.....	46 4				

"THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT."

After her husband left home for his work, April 26, Mrs. Amelia Barnett, wife of David Barnett, living in Phillipsburg, N. J., called her three-year-old son Willie, who was at a neighbor's house, to come home. The innocent lad obeyed. When inside the door, Mrs. Barnett locked all the doors and whipped out a razor and cut his throat from ear to ear, nearly severing the head from the body. She then took the almost lifeless body and threw it on the bed near by.

Rushing up stairs, and seizing her five-months-old baby, she threw it on the bed beside the murdered boy and slashed its throat in a terrible manner, causing almost instant death. When she had completed the terrible butchery of her innocent children, she raised one of the windows and shrieked at the top of her voice. This attracted the neighbors, and a rush was made for the house. When they reached the door Mrs. Barnett stood on the inside and unlocked it, and immediately drew the razor across her own throat, inflicting dangerous wounds, and then threw herself on the bed beside her children.

A terrible sight met those who rushed to the scene. Mrs. Barnett, while lying on the bed, was heard to say in a faint voice:

"We will go to heaven together."

Suddenly the woman became wild with excitement at seeing her bloody work and realizing that she might not die, she raved furiously and endeavored to tear open still wider the gaping, bleeding wound in her throat. It took six men to hold her and prevent her from doing additional injury. Later she said:

"Oh, I killed my babies, but I couldn't help it. The devil told me to do it."

She is not expected to survive.

The Barnett family came from Pittsburg several months ago, but since then the father has been unable to obtain steady employment.

HEE SING'S FAITHLESS WIFE.

A referee took testimony April 29 in the case of Charles Hee Sing, a Chinese boarding-house keeper, of 383 Water street, this city, who is suing for a divorce from his wife Emma, nee Piper. The hearing was private. The wronged husband is about forty years of age, and good-looking for a Chinaman. He married his wife in London in 1876, and some time afterward came to this city and started a boarding-house. "She was very white and plitty, and twenty-six years, and I give her all she wanted, but she like Fun Queu and go after he," said Hee Sing. According to another witness, however, she was "ugly, allie samee niggah." When Mr. Sing found out his wife's infidelity she hurled defiance at him and declared that if he drove out her second choice, Fun Queu, she would follow him to the end of the world. She took her departure the same day, coming back two weeks later for her clothes, when she informed him that she was going to England. Since that day, March 30, 1880, he has neither seen nor heard from her.

Wong Ah Chin, a saw-toothed little Chinaman, testified to having seen the defendant and Fun Queu in a questionable position. "I go down stairs," he testified, "and tellee Hee Ling, and he catchee big stick and lun up, and then I heal she selceme." The husband chased Fun Queu into the street, and soon afterward Mrs. Hee Sing also left the house. Two weeks later she returned for her trunk, saying she was going to England, but the witness had heard that she had gone to live with Fun Queu in Mulberry street.

A BEDROOM DRAMA.

Enacted by a Rope-Dancer, Her Paramour, and Her Husband in a St. Louis Hotel.

[With Portraits.]

There was an after-piece performed by several of the members of the H. B. Leavitt European Specialty Company a few hours after the regular show at the Olympic theatre, St. Louis, April 20, consisting of one loud act and a tableau. There were all the elements of a domestic tragedy present except the final death scene. The principals in the scene were the manager, Abe Leavitt, John C. Harrington and the latter's wife, Lottie Elliott, the handsome endurance rope-dancer of the company. Guests who occupy apartments in the neighborhood of room No. 18 in the St. James Hotel were awakened between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning by a loud knocking at the door of that apartment and a man's voice demanding admission in an angry tone. These was a parley, in which the first voice was heard declaring that the owner of it would break the door in if it were not opened at once. The door was finally opened, and an excited altercation followed, which was only stopped by the appearance on the scene of the night watchman of the hotel, the night clerk and several guests in dishabille, who apprehended a personal encounter from the tone of the speakers.

The room was Mr. Leavitt's, and the man who demanded an entrance was Mr. Harrington, and the occupants of the apartment at the time were Mr. Leavitt and Miss Elliott, whom Harrington had surprised occupying the same apartment under circumstances not likely to leave undisturbed the happiness and peace of mind of a husband. This scene in the hotel was the denouement of a story of domestic difficulty, the facts of which are about as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Harrington have been married four years, but for some time past the current of their domestic life flowed as roughly as the course of true love is said to ripple along, and quarrels between the two made their existence together intolerable. Until within the past eight weeks they have been occupying different apartments and have been practically separated. When the company was filling its last engagement in St. Louis, Miss Elliott, or Mrs. Harrington, instituted a suit for divorce, which, for some reason, fell through. At any rate matters had reached a culmination.

As far as can be learned Mr. Harrington has been suspicious of his wife's conduct, and has been led to think that there was an undue intimacy between her and Leavitt. On the night of the escapade he remained away from the hotel until the hour mentioned, and on returning went straight to his wife's room, taking a friend with him. Finding that she was not in the room he repaired to the apartment of Mr. Leavitt, and knocked on the door. Mr. Leavitt answered that he could not come in, and Harrington declared that he would come in, whereupon Leavitt opened the door and Harrington and his friend found their worst suspicions realized, as Mr. Leavitt was in his night-dress, and the lady was hastily robing herself, being *en dishabille*. The scene described followed this discovery. It is declared by an eye-witness that Mr. Leavitt drew a revolver on Mr. Harrington, but an encounter was prevented between the two.

According to Mr. Leavitt Mr. Harrington was out with the boys drinking and his wife was afraid that when he came in he would "chin" her and had come to his room for protection. He had invited her to chat awhile and she had sat on the edge of the bed on which he was lying. She had eaten a heavy supper after the performance and had loosened her dress slightly for comfort's sake.

Miss Elliott was requested to leave the hotel by the proprietor. She did so immediately. Mr. Leavitt stated that she was in the hotel, but the clerk denied this, and said she would not come back either.

HE WAS GOING TOO FAST.

Truman B. Handy, a once prominent and wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, got a good Anglo-Saxon thrashing at the hands of his late brother-in-law, Frank E. Blakeslee, on April 16, because of his scandalous conduct in carousing at his virtuous home with a noted fast woman.

Handy lives in a beautiful mansion in Clifton, one of the most aristocratic suburbs of Cincinnati, with his daughters, in whose name the property is held. He has sunk very low of late, spending what money he could get in low dives with the lowest of companions, even selling his daughter's jewelry for money for drink. Blakeslee has been living at Handy's house, having promised his sister when dying that he would watch over his daughters. Handy brought to his home and bed his paramour and lived with her before his own family in open lewdness.

Lately he planned to sell the handsome house, get hold of the money, take his paramour and leave the city. To do this he must get rid of his son and Blakeslee, his brother-in-law, who would have defeated his plans. The son was finally sent to Minneapolis, but Blakeslee was not so easily got out of the way. Handy wrote Blakeslee a note asking him to make his home elsewhere. Blakeslee failed to see Handy till he met him in the office of Charles Kahn, a broker, and after indignantly reproving him for abusing his children threatened to kill him if he did not stop it. Handy fled and Blakeslee pursued him down and beat him, when bystanders interfered, and Handy slunk away. The residence will be sold, but Handy will not handle the money.

Handy is well known in Chicago, where he became entangled with the notorious Lella Mitchell to whom he one night gave five one-thousand-dollar bills. She showed the money to her young admirers. Handy was a skillful speculator and made a reputation by running a successful wheat corner for a clique of rich Cincinnatians.

J. H. BAIRD.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a portrait of James H. Baird, who has gained an unenviable notoriety through his connection with Nellie Phelps, who recently committed suicide at Lancaster, N. H., and whose portrait we published last week.

Baird has been known in Lancaster for the past three years, and was generally respected about town, and for some time past has been connected with the Lancaster *Republican*, and was associated for a while with Charles D. Phelps. About a year ago Miss Nellie F. Phelps came to Lancaster to visit her brother, and subsequently entered his office as an apprentice to learn the printing business. When Charles retired from the business Nellie remained in the office. While

here she formed the acquaintance of Baird, and the two in time became quite intimate, Baird escorting the girl to the various gatherings, entertainments, etc., and it was generally understood about town that the two were courting. Some time ago Baird and Miss Phelps went to Littleton and did not return until the following day. This was the occasion of many unsavory rumors, and soon their visit was the theme of conversation with the gossips of the town. Their names had been seen on the hotel register, and when accused Baird admitted it, at the same time complaining that folks wouldn't allow him to enjoy himself without making a lot of trouble about it. Of course the finger of scorn was at once pointed toward the unfortunate girl. She was turned from her boarding-place because of these rumors and was forced to seek shelter elsewhere. After wandering about for some time she was finally admitted to the home of Mrs. Edmund E. Stratton, on Elm street. She was evidently very much affected, and it was noticeable that the strain was wearing heavily upon her. She returned home from work on Wednesday and at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of April 10 she committed suicide.

In her dying moments she accused Baird of betraying her, and the feeling against him in the community is very bitter.

"PREPARE TO DIE."

How an Enraged Husband "Settled" His Old Rival, Whom He Caught with His Wife.

Two years ago Mrs. Mary Golden, of Cedar Valley, Ga., was left a widow. She was young, handsome and vivacious. She had among her admirers John McMay and Aaron Weesner. The rivalry between the two men was strong, and so equally did the smiling widow divide her favors that it was not until the marriage took place, one year ago, that people knew that Mrs. Golden had consented to be known in future as Mrs. Weesner. For awhile the newly-wedded couple were the happiest of mortals, but soon rumors of secret visits to the new wife in the absence of the husband were noted. These rumors continued to find circulation until at last the husband was astounded to learn, from undoubted evidence placed before him by a friend, that his old rival, John McMay, had invaded the sanctity of his domestic relations. He then resolved on revenge. Bidding his wife good-by, he went on a pretended visit to Atlanta. No sooner was the husband out of sight than the faithless wife sent word to her lover, and in response John McMay visited the house of his temptress. He was met at the door and the couple disappeared within, hand in hand. Softly following them, the enraged husband, who had been lying in wait, tracked them to an inner room, and opening the door, exclaimed to McMay: "Prepare to die." He attempted to fire, but his revolver snapping, missed fire, seeing which McMay carelessly remarked, "Oh, Bom, I am not afraid of that powder-box."

The wife jumped to her husband's side, and grasping the revolver almost secured it, when Weesner, giving it a wrench, threw the weeping woman to one side, and again leveled the weapon at McMay. Weesner fired, the ball entering McMay's left side and, ranging downward, coming out above the hip bone, severing an artery in its course. The woman ran to the side of her wounded lover and, smoothing back his hair, kissed him and gave vent to every expression of endearment. In half an hour the man was dead. An inquest was held over the dead body an hour later and a verdict rendered to the effect that McMay came to his death from the effects of a pistol-shot from the hands of Aaron Weesner, and the killing was pronounced murder. The pistol was a Remington navy, carrying a No. 42 ball. Immediately after the shooting, the husband joined several friends outside, all heavily armed, which showed that they intended to protect themselves if attacked. With finger on trigger they retreated until the principal was put out of danger of arrest, and it is supposed that he is now across the Alabama line. Notwithstanding the finding of the jury the mass of public sympathy is for Weesner.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

[With Illustrations and Portrait.]

The baseball season fairly opened on May 1. There had been matches played in different parts of the country this year before that date, as there are certain enthusiasts who would jump out of a carriage on the way to their mother-in-law's funeral in the spring, come down out of a full cherry-tree in summer-time, give up going on a hunting expedition in the fall, or get up from a Christmas dinner in order to attend a baseball match. But there must be, for the purpose of records, some time set upon from which statistics can be made up of the number of games played during the season, and a catalogue of broken heads and limbs, and the other little pleasant incidents of the national game compiled.

By general consent the initial game for the League championship has been selected as the red-letter day of the diamond field. It was properly inaugurated by a game at the Polo Grounds, between the New York and Chicago clubs, in which the former beautifully waked the representatives of the giant city of the unsalted seas, by a score of 15 to 3. We present this week a full-page illustration of the incidents of the occasion, with a portrait of Mr. James Lyman Price, manager of the New York team.

OUTLAW JAMES SERENADED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The trial of Frank James, the famous Missouri outlaw, a brother of the lamented Jesse, for complicity in the robbery of the paymaster of the Tennessee Public Improvement Works of \$5,000, March 11, 1881, at Muscle Shoals, Ala., was begun at Huntsville, Ala., April 17. Numerous witnesses were examined, and the trial lasted until April 25, when a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered, causing tremendous cheering among James' friends, who crowded the court-room. Nobody seemed to be surprised at the result of the trial. After his acquittal, James was arrested on another charge. He was released, however, on bail, and received a rousing serenade from a throng of his admirers.

The number of bicycles in the United States is estimated at 40,000. The League of American Wheelmen is an organization of which Dr. N. M. Beckwith, of New York, is the President. It has over 4,000 members. The annual meeting will be held in Washington, on May 19 and 20, when from 1,500 to 2,000 representative wheelmen are expected to be present.



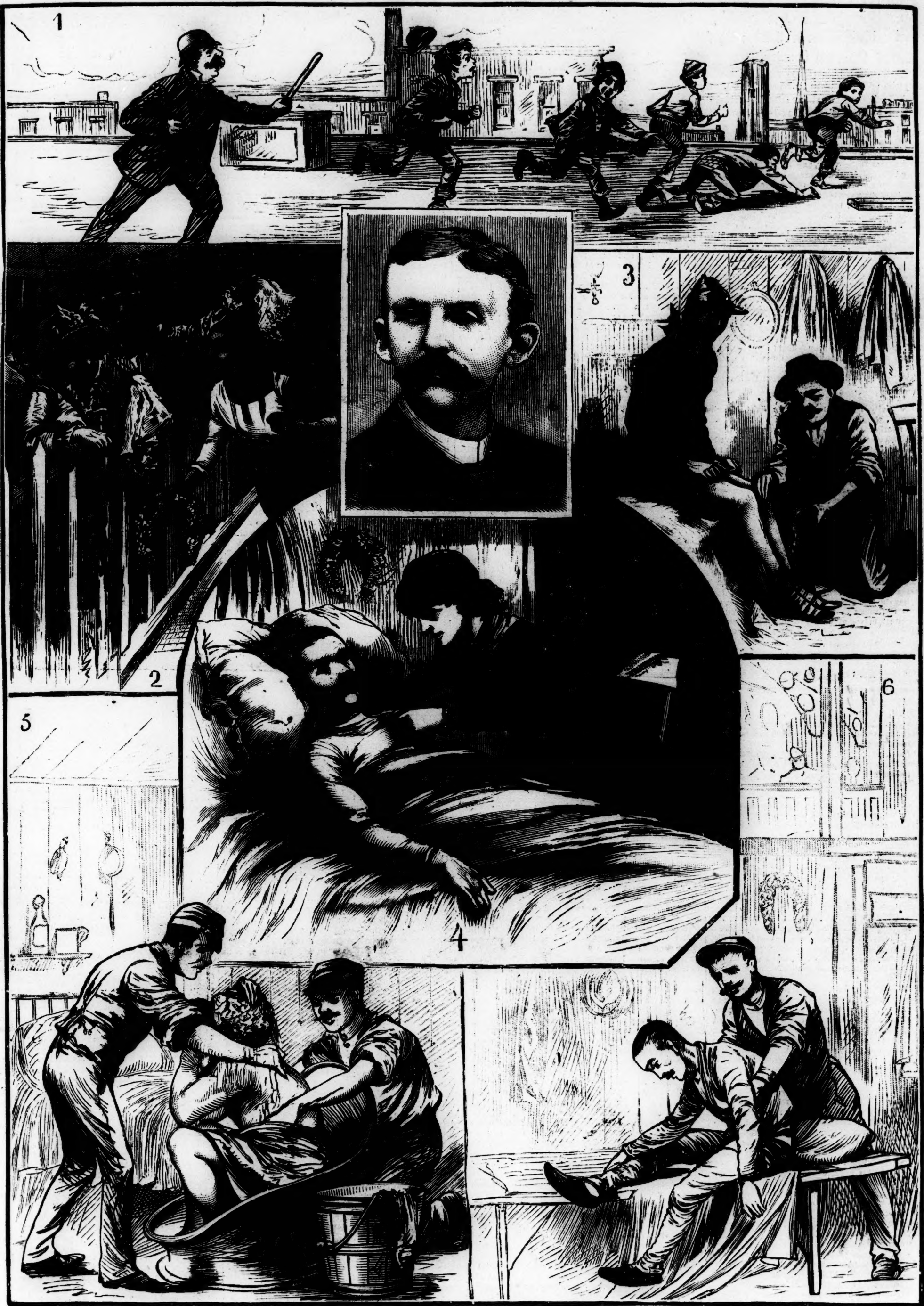
A CLARKESVILLE, TENN., TRAGEDY.

THE KILLING OF R. A. MAY, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS MOTHER, BY JOHN T. D. WOODS, WHO CLAIMED TO BE THE AVENGER OF A WOMAN'S WRONGS.



FOILED BY A PLUCKY GIRL.

HOW A BRUTAL NEGRO WHO ATTEMPTED TO RAVISH A YOUNG LADY AT ROSSVILLE, S. I., MET WITH A RECEPTION THAT HE HAD NOT CALCULATED ON.



AFOOT FOR SIX DAYS.

EPISODES OF THE PEDESTRIAN CONTEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. NO. I—A RACE ON THE ROOF. NO. II—COLORED SISTERS CHEERING BURRELL. NO. III—RUBBING CHARMS ON THE INDIAN. NO. IV—NOREMAC IN TENDER HANDS. NO. V—GIVING ROWELL A BATH. NO. VI—WAKING UP A WALKER. NO. VII—PETER DURVEA, THE MANAGER.

[From Sketches by "Police Gazette" Special Artists.]

THE PRIZE RING.

The Pugilistic Boom Well Kept Up All Over the Country.

Mervine Thompson to Meet Jim Kelly—Work on Hand for Sheriff, Stoddard and Other Hard-Hitters.

Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, has been matched by Duncan C. Ross to fight Jim Kelly, a powerful pugilist of Indianapolis. Richard K. Fox is to be final stakeholder, and the "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules are to govern the contest. The following are the articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into this twenty-second day of April, 1884, between Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, and James Kelly, of Indianapolis, Ind. We, the said Thompson and Kelly, do hereby agree to spar to a finish under the "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side, \$250 a side to be deposited on or before Monday, 28th day of April, 1884, with Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, the second deposit of \$250 each to be deposited with the aforesaid Fox six days before the day of the contest, the party failing to make good his deposit at the time stipulated to forfeit all the money up. It is further agreed that the said contest take place in the City of Cincinnati, or Indianapolis, on or before the 7th day of June, 1884, the contestants to be in the ring between the hours of 8 P. M. and 12 P. M., the man failing to put in his appearance at the time and place aforesaid named to forfeit.

Witnesses:
C. M. METCALF,
DUNCAN C. ROSS.
James Kelly, who is matched to fight Mervine Thompson, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs nearly 200 pounds. Kelly keeps the "Police Gazette" Shades in Indianapolis, and formerly lived in Colorado. He is a powerful, muscular athlete, and his admirers are confident that he will give Thompson a tough tussle.

Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, boxed with Billy Madden at Kiernan's Monumental theatre, Baltimore, on May 2, 3. Mitchell surprised the talent by his quick, terrific hitting and countering.

Jack Hanley's friends at Omaha, Neb., are confident that he will win his fight with Jim Fell.

At Union Hall, Cambridge, Mass., on May 7, Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, and John Kilrain, of Boston, are to box four rounds according to the "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules. It will be the Prussian's first set in Boston. James Keenan, of 35 Kneeland street, has the management of the affair. Kilrain will come to the mark in first-class condition, and the glove contest between these two noted pugilists will be well worth witnessing. Arthur Chambers will accompany Sheriff to Boston.

Wm. England, the well-known English pugilist, will shortly arrive in this country. On his arrival he will meet all comers, either according to "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules. England stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 158 pounds.

Last week John Flood, who fought John L. Sullivan and Joe Coburn, appeared at Kiernan's Monumental theatre, Baltimore. The pugilist met with a grand reception, and treated the Baltimoreans to a first-class exhibition of boxing.

At Omaha, on April 17, Jim Fell, of Rich Hill, Mo., and Jack Hanley, of Omaha, signed articles of agreement to fight a fair, stand-up fight according to the rules of the London prize ring. The following is a copy of the document:

OMAHA, NEB., April 17, 1884.
Articles of Agreement.—We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for a purse of three hundred (\$300) dollars. Fight to take place on Tuesday, May 13, within 150 miles of Omaha.
JOHN G. NUENT, for
JACK HANLEY.
MIKE HALEY, for
JAMES FELL.

Helser, the boxer, who won the amateur championship recently, and Jack Dempsey, boxed six rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, on April 25, in a room in this city. Tom McAlpine seconded both men. Capt. Tuttle acted as timekeeper, and a well known New York sporting man was referee. The men decided to spar six three-minute rounds, with small soft gloves, and were quickly ready for the mill.

ROUND 1.—When time was called and the men took their positions like old veterans it was easy to be seen that there would be no funny business. They feinted for some time and then closed and some good short-arm work was indulged in, Dempsey getting the better of it. When they separated Helser made a bold stroke at his taller antagonist, which settled on the jaw. Dempsey in return sent in a wicked left-hander which struck Helser on the shoulder and turned him completely round. The exchanges then became short and quick, until time was called.

ROUND 2.—The men came up promptly. Helser landed on Dempsey's body, getting in some stingers in one-two-three order. Dempsey then indulged in terrific fighting, driving Helser all around the room, and when time was up Jack was no better off than Joe.

ROUND 3.—When they came to the scratch Helser led with his right, but was neatly stopped and received a left-hander on his nose, which drew claret. First blood was claimed and allowed for Dempsey. Then they came to close quarters and fought all around the room until time was up.

ROUND 4.—Dempsey forced the fighting, and landed several blows with both hands on Helser's face; then, after a very interesting exhibition of science by Helser, Dempsey let go his right hand and hit Helser in the mouth, staggering him. Helser quickly recovered, and then his blows became far more frequent than Dempsey's, whom he followed around the room, getting in some solid body blows.

ROUND 5.—The men came up puffing for wind. They sparred for over two minutes without a blow being struck, and finally, just before time was called, a quick exchange of blows took place, Helser landing on the body and neck, and Dempsey on the forehead and jaw.

ROUND 6.—Helser rushed Dempsey into a corner of the room and let go some telling body blows, which took effect. Dempsey in return delivered a half-arm blow on Helser's eye, and a rattler on the neck. Helser kept away but managed to get in a wicked right-hander on Dempsey's stomach, which made him wince. They then rushed at each other and fought

until time was called. The referee decided the contest a drawn battle. His decision was very satisfactory to all concerned.

We constantly receive challenges from would-be champions, who pretend to be eager to box or fight Sullivan. Below is one of the many received this week.

HOT SPRINGS, MONTEREY, MEXICO.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—Having come here some two weeks ago an invalid to bathe in these celebrated waters, I desire you to say to Mr. John L. Sullivan that I will deposit in your hands the sum of \$5,000 if Mr. S. will meet me in Monterey on the 15th of May or up to the 1st of June, 1884. With fifteen more baths I can lick him so quick that it will make his head swim. Let me know at once if he accepts the challenge. My height is 5 feet 10 inches, weight 193, stocking feet.

Y. JONES.
Mervine Thompson is patiently awaiting the arrival of John L. Sullivan from the South. He recently informed a correspondent at Cleveland that he had not said anything about Sullivan that he did not mean to stand by. He said: "I do not blow nor boast. All I have to say is that Sullivan claims to be the champion of America, and I am ready to fight for that title. Sullivan is doing the blowing. I am not, but I don't care worth a cent. In regard to Sullivan stopping off at Cleveland when he arrives, he will find me at 171 Ontario street, and I will prove I am not a stuff, but I can hit just as hard as he can, and just as often, and I will not be particular whether I fight him 'Police Gazette,' London prize ring or rough-and-tumble rules. Sullivan must make an excuse for not covering my money, which has lain at the POLICE GAZETTE office for nearly two months. I understand Mr. Richard K. Fox is offering a champion belt to be fought for, and that the trophy will represent the championship of the world. Now, I, Mervine Thompson, will fight John L. Sullivan for the 'Police Gazette' belt and \$2,500 a side, the fight to be decided according to the rules which will govern the belt and the championship. My backer, Duncan C. Ross, has already posted \$2,500 with Richard K. Fox, which, if Sullivan is eager to arrange a match, he will cover. If Sullivan refuses to accept, I shall claim the 'Police Gazette' champion belt of the world and fight all comers for \$2,500 a side and the trophy."

We have received the following card from Jack Stewart, the champion pugilist of Canada:

BOSTON, May 3, 1884.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—I saw a letter from Duncan C. Ross in a recent issue stating that I was using a great deal of newspaper talk after Mervine Thompson knocked me out at Cleveland. I challenged him to fight me again, but the authorities would not allow it. Now, I am ready to box Thompson according to "Police Gazette" rules, either in New York or Boston, at any time, the winner to take sixty and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate money.
Yours,
JACK STEWART,
Champion of Canada.

The glove fight between Paddy Bain, of Canada, and John Cash, of New York, was decided recently at Union Hall, Montreal. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" Revised rules, for \$50 a side and gate receipts. The articles of agreement stipulated that the men should fight six rounds. Both men looked fit as a feather, Bain being much the heavier, and scaling 167½ pounds, while Cash tipped the beam at 143½ pounds. The first round was almost an even match, both men sparring scientifically. The second was pretty well a repetition of the first, neither scoring any advantage. In the third round John Cash began to show the advantage of his training at Harry Hill's and struck out vigorously, giving his opponent a severe drubbing, Bain having just about all he wanted when time was called. The fourth round Cash had all his own way, and in one minute from the start was awarded the match by the referee. The beaten man was very badly punished, while Cash was comparatively unharmed. A crowd of admiring friends surrounded the victor at the close, congratulating him on the result. It is understood that Cash intends opening a school in Montreal for the instruction of those who wish to learn the art of self defense.

Prior to the glove contest there was a set-to between Mike Kelly and George Diamond, which was a little in favor of Diamond, who was the smallest. Then came the Diamond Brothers with their parallel bar performances, and Gus Lambert with his feats of strength, both being heartily applauded. The latter was especially good, he lifting a 100-pound dumb-bell and 100-pound weight, and a 50-pound weight and 125-pound bar of iron.

At Cincinnati, on April 28, Bob Farrell, of New York, and Charley McDonald, of Canada, engaged in a four-round glove contest, according to "Police Gazette" rules, the man making the most points to be declared the winner. McDonald is the pugilist Steve Taylor defeated in Canada, and who boxed and traveled with Paddy Ryan at the time the latter was matched against Sullivan. McDonald is nearly 6 feet in height, and weighs 170 pounds. Farrell weighs about 140 pounds, and is several inches less in stature than McDonald. After the match was made McDonald's friends were certain that he would win, but they were mistaken, for Farrell boxed all round the Canadian champion, and was declared the winner.

Sporting men in Chicago are trying to influence Paddy Ryan to fight Mervine Thompson, and they offer to find the ex-champion funds if he will agree to meet the Cleveland Thunderbolt. It is hardly probable that Ryan will fight Thompson when he refused to meet John L. Sullivan. Besides, if Ryan agrees to again enter the ring, he should select an easier mark than Thompson.

The glove fight between Prof. Duplessis and Jack Lewis, at Minneapolis, Minn., on April 28, attracted a large crowd. The pugilists fought, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse. The fight was well contested for four rounds, when Duplessis punished Lewis terribly and he gave up, beaten.

Charley Lange, of Cleveland, Ohio, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of Ohio, is eager to box Hial H. Stoddard or Capt. James C. Daly four or six rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side.

Duncan C. Ross says: "Mervine Thompson will not run away from any place because he is afraid of Sullivan. Thompson would just as leave fight Sullivan in the street as in a ring, and he would do so. Thompson can whip Sullivan just as easily as Matsada Kogere Sorakichi can throw the self-styled champion wrestler Wm. Muldoon. Sullivan says he is coming to Cleveland. Well, if he does I will bet \$500 he does not come if Thompson is in town."

On April 27 Joe Burns and Mike McCormack, of this city, went to Queens county to look for goldfish. A quarrel arose between McCormack and Burns, and

they agreed to settle it according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. A referee was selected and both young men stripped to the waist and fought it out. Four rounds took place, at the end of which Burns' right eye was closed and his lip was swollen.

At the end of the contest all hands applauded the victor, and all resumed their quest for goldfish. Burns and McCormack "made up," and on their way home endeavored to forget their encounter.

When Burns reached his dwelling his older brother and his mother flew into a passion when they learned who had disfigured him, and all three set out to find McCormack. They found him, but he proved a match for the whole party. He upset Mrs. Burns, it is alleged, blackened another eye for Joseph, and split the big brother's nose. The Burns family had McCormack arrested, and he was arraigned before Justice Massey, at Brooklyn, E. D., on April 28, and was committed for ten days.

Recently at Philadelphia an incident occurred during the game between the Philadelphia and Athletic Clubs, which at one time threatened to become a serious affair. Exceptions were frequently taken by the crowd to decisions of Billy McLean, the umpire. McLean finally became enraged at the boos and jeers of the spectators, and picked up a baseball bat and buried it into the crowded seats on the first-base side of the field, striking a man on the head, but without seriously injuring him. This action called forth vigorous hissing from the assemblage, and three or four hundred men who were among those near where the bat was thrown leaped over the inside inclosure, and were crowding toward McLean with the intention of mobbing him, when they were stopped by a number of police officers, who, together with the players, succeeded in getting the men back of the line. The game, which had been stopped, then proceeded to the finish, when the excited crowd again made a rush for McLean, and violence was only prevented by the arrest of McLean upon a warrant sworn out by the man who was struck. McLean was taken before a magistrate, but the complaint was there induced to withdraw the charge, and McLean was simply placed under \$500 bond to keep the peace. McLean is a retired pugilist, second and trainer of fistic knights. He will not be biased and he is a dangerous man to fool with. About thirteen years ago he was looked upon as a match for any of the middle-weight pugilists.

Jimmy Murray, the pugilist, who fought with Thomas Henry at Pelham Bridge, and was convicted at White Plains and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Albany penitentiary, was taken to Albany, New York, on April 28, after sundry delays on his appeal for a new trial.

The great match between Charley Mitchell, the English champion pugilist, and Billy Edwards, the retired light-weight champion, which is to be decided at Madison Square Garden, in this city, on May 12, promises to be one of the most scientific glove contests ever fought. Edwards is steadily training, and is confident that Mitchell will not either best or stop him. According to the conditions of the match, the pugilists are to box four rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Billy Madden will prepare Mitchell for the encounter. If both pugilists are in form, the sporting public who assemble to witness the affair will be well repaid.

Harry Woodson, the Black Diamond, is in Cincinnati.

Bill Goode, the clever English pugilist, who defeated Dick Roberts in England and Pat Perry, is coming to this country. After Goode arrives there will be plenty of boxing matches between Goode, Mitchell, Kilrain, Sheriff, Cleary, etc.

It is claimed A. L. Smith, the popular sporting man and backer of Sullivan, has cleared \$40,000 since he started to manage the Sullivan combination.

Clarendon Hall, in East Thirteenth street, in this city, was well filled on the 28th of April, to witness the battle between Hial H. Stoddard, of Cleveland, and John Magnier, of this city. Barney Aaron was referee, Prof. Ladlin time-keeper, while Capt. Daly, who backed Stoddard, acted as seconds for their respective men.

When time was called both men shook hands and then faced each other. Magnier is 6 feet 4 inches in height, and weighs 215 pounds, while Stoddard is about 6 feet in his stocking feet and tips the beam at 194 pounds. Both men were in perfect condition, but it was evident from the start that Magnier had the advantage which the additional size and weight gave him over his opponent. Barney Aaron announced that six rounds would be fought of three minutes each, with one minute rest, and then ordered the men to pitch in.

ROUND 1.—Everything being in readiness, time was called and the men rushed quickly to the center of the stage and shook hands. Stoddard held on to Magnier's right hand and tried to throw him against the wall, which is on the east side of the ring. He missed his aim, however, and Magnier hit him a left-hander in the front of the face. This led to right-and-left fighting, and after several hard blows Magnier delivered a hard right hand on Stoddard's left ear, which knocked him down. He was soon on his feet again, but staggered as he rushed at Magnier, who met him with left and right-handers in the front of the face and on the left side of the head, and then left and right hands were exchanged all over the stage, and when the men reached the north side of the platform Stoddard rushed Magnier to the ropes, and both went over head first to the floor. When the men were placed on the stage again Magnier put in several straight left and right-handers, while Stoddard was fighting open-handed. Stoddard was badly punished about the face, and was bleeding freely from nose and mouth. He rushed Magnier against the wall, and he fought in the most awkward manner, seemingly not knowing what he was doing until time was called for them to stop and go to their corners. The time of the round, instead of being 3 minutes, only lasted 1 minute and 53 seconds. Great excitement then prevailed, and the partisans of the men were all on tip-toe, and many endeavored to get on the stage. Capt. McCullagh then ascended the platform, determined to have fair sparring, or break up the affair.

ROUND 2.—No quicker were the men on their feet than they rushed at each other like two bulls. Magnier delivered some very severe hits with his right hand, while Stoddard was hitting away with the inside of his glove, doing no damage to his opponent. They clinched in Magnier's corner, and Stoddard was thrown heavily on the boards. Up again, he rushed at Magnier, but he seemed to have lost all knowledge of boxing, and he slurred away open-handed until he clinched Magnier again, and while they were wrestling the lookers-on got into a high state of excitement, and at that instant Capt. McCullagh took hold of the men and ordered them to stop and leave the stage. The friends of Stoddard seemed very much pleased with the off-

icer's orders, and hastened their man off the platform, he looking very much the worse for the encounter. He was bleeding at the nose, mouth and left ear, and seemed completely exhausted. Magnier showed little damage, except in his wind. The last round lasted 1 minute and 43 seconds only.

During the time the affair lasted Magnier had far the better of the fight, and, in fact, he hit Stoddard so hard and so often in the beginning of the first round that he had him completely dazed, and instead of the latter standing up and fighting fair, he resorted to every mean artifice to injure his opponent, going as far as forcing him over the ropes head first to the floor. Luckily Magnier was not injured by the fall.

Mike Cleary, the pugilist, is still taking regular exercise and making great preparations for his forthcoming contest with Mitchell, which will be decided in this city at an early date. Cleary is confident that he will this time defeat Mitchell.

Mike McCoole, the pugilist who from 1866 to 1870 held the title of champion pugilist of America, is now steamboating at Natchez for \$40 per month.

Jim Fell, of Rich Hill, Mo., recently stopped at St. Louis, and challenged Tom Allen to box for \$500 and gate money, but Allen refused to meet him.

Capt. James C. Daly is eager to box Hial H. Stoddard for a purse of \$500.

John L. Sullivan recently offered Mervine Thompson \$1,000 if he could stand before him four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at Cincinnati. Duncan C. Ross was notified, and he telegraphed that Thompson would not box Sullivan at Cincinnati or any other city, but he would fight Sullivan for any amount from \$500 to \$2,500 a side. Ross said: "We can give Thompson a benefit ourselves, and we will give Sullivan \$1,000 if he can knock out Thompson, but we want the gate money."

Duncan C. Ross, the backer of Mervine Thompson, says: "Inform Sullivan, the champion glove-fighter, that I will give him \$2,000, if he will box Mervine Thompson, 'Police Gazette' rules, to a finish. The contest to take place in Ohio anywhere outside the city limits of Cleveland."

Ross means business when he inserts the clause "finish," and Sullivan should accept the offer if he also means business. Thompson stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 225 pounds. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ and weighs 200 pounds.

A NEGRO RAVISHER'S AWFUL FATE.

In Bolivar county, Miss., April 24, Miss Ida Davis, daughter of a wealthy planter, was riding home from a neighboring plantation, when John Henderson, colored, seized the bride and dragged the young lady from the saddle, bound and gagged her, and then took her to a swamp, where he repeatedly assaulted her. Miss Davis' father, uneasy at her absence, searched and found her horse. Getting assistance and a pack of hounds, he began a search. The dogs very soon struck the trail, and tracked the scoundrel to the place where he had carried the young lady. The dogs were called off to protect the girl, whereupon the negro made a bolt for liberty, and the dogs were again turned loose and drove the negro to a tree, from which he was made to descend at the point of a shotgun. He was then securely bound, and a rope being placed around his neck, was slowly strangled to death. Drawing him up and allowing him to hang until life was half extinct, they would then lower and revive him and draw him up again. This operation was repeated until death was nearly accomplished, and then the party riddled his body with buckshot, stamped his features into a jelly, and rendered him limb from limb. The dismembered body was strewn over the wood and left to the vultures and crows.

Miss Davis, it is feared, will die of her injuries. This is the second case of its kind in Mississippi within the last twelve months, swift retribution following in each case.

THE COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week a portrait of "Major" Thos. E. Moore, Commander-in-chief of the American Division of the Salvation Army. He has done almost as much to bring ridicule upon the holy name of religion in this country, as the grand originator and self-styled General-in-chief, Booth, of this band of fanatics has done in England. He has enlisted scores of weak-minded, seedy, impecunious beings in the ranks of the bowling army. They claim to belong to both sexes, but it is hard to tell "other from which." Under his leadership they have disturbed the peace and quiet of law-abiding citizens by their circus performances on the street corners and in buildings they have succeeded in hiring. Their headquarters have become favorite resorts for assignations, and the members of the army enlisted by him have furnished numerous scandals. He has not yet succeeded in roping in an immense income like General Booth, the boss fraud of the organization in England, and has even been lately accused of misappropriating some of the funds collected for uniforms, tambourines, and other auxiliaries of the "pious side show," but in other respects he is doing quite well.

TWO YEARS BOARD FREE.

[With Portrait.]

The trial of John D. Harrington and Dr. Rufus W. Peacock, at Jersey City, N. J., on a charge of conspiring to defraud the American Legion of Honor out of \$5,000 by the insurance of a consumptive patient, Martha Dinan, ended April 17. Harrington, who was still out on bail, had to be hunted up, and was finally found in a neighboring saloon. Dr. Peacock, who had previously been convicted of a similar fraud, on which he was sentenced to two years in the State Prison, was in the custody of the Court, and was at the jail. Neither of the prisoners appeared much surprised at the result, though Dr. Peacock gave slight evidence of emotion.

They were sentenced to two years each in State Prison.

Peacock was already under a two years' sentence. His time of imprisonment will not be lengthened, since Judge McGill made the two terms concurrent. Leniency was thus granted, the Judge said, because Peacock had told the truth on the witness-stand.

J. W. MURPHY.

[With Portrait.]

J. W. Murphy is one of the leading sporting men in Denver. He keeps a first-class sporting house, which is the principal headquarters of the sporting men in that vicinity. Murphy is well known all through Colorado and Nebraska, and no one thinks they have been in Denver without they call on him.

Levi J. North.

Levi James North, whose portrait we publish this week, is now a resident of Brooklyn. He is probably the oldest and best-known equestrian living, and his history would fill a volume. He was born in the Township of Newtown, Long Island, June 16, 1814, and entered the circus when only twelve years old. He soon became noted as a daring rider and a thorough artist in all the business of the sawdust arena. He was the first to perform the feat of turning a somersault while standing upon a running horse, which he did at Hanley, England, in 1830, and repeated for the first time in America while performing at the Bowery theatre in 1840. He has been a great traveler, and is filled with interesting reminiscences of all lands. His laurels were gathered in all quarters of the globe, and he is now passing his declining years near the place of his birth.

Maude Wentworth.

Miss Wentworth is an artist well known to the patrons of American comic opera. She is a good actress and a pretty woman—two recommendations which have secured her a place in the exclusive and critical pages of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The Cowhide Remedy.

New Albany, Ind., has just had a first-class case of cowhiding. It seems that Walter Williams, of the firm of Williams & Sons, had been circulating damaging reports about the daughter of Mr. David W. Carpenter, a well-known citizen. These reports reached the ears of Mr. Carpenter, who went to the store and

called for young Williams. Very few words passed when the irate father pulled a cowhide from his coat pocket and administered a sound thrashing to the young man. Williams tried to get away from his punisher, but was followed across the street. The affair attracted a large crowd of people.

Going to Make Him Pony Up.

A sensational breach of promise case has just been developed at Columbia, S. C. Miss Mary E. Brown is a charming young woman, of

round, plump figure, sweet face, attractive manners, fair education, about twenty-five years of age, and the owner of an excellent estate. She has neither father nor mother, but has been living with three sisters and a brother-in-law on her plantation. Mr. John McNeil is a fine-looking young man, thirty-five years of age, with a seductive voice, quick intelligence, and attractive manners. He is a merchant, and has been successful in business, by which he has accumulated a snug little fortune. In the midst of his business cares he has found ample time to woo and win Miss Mary E. Brown, and, as

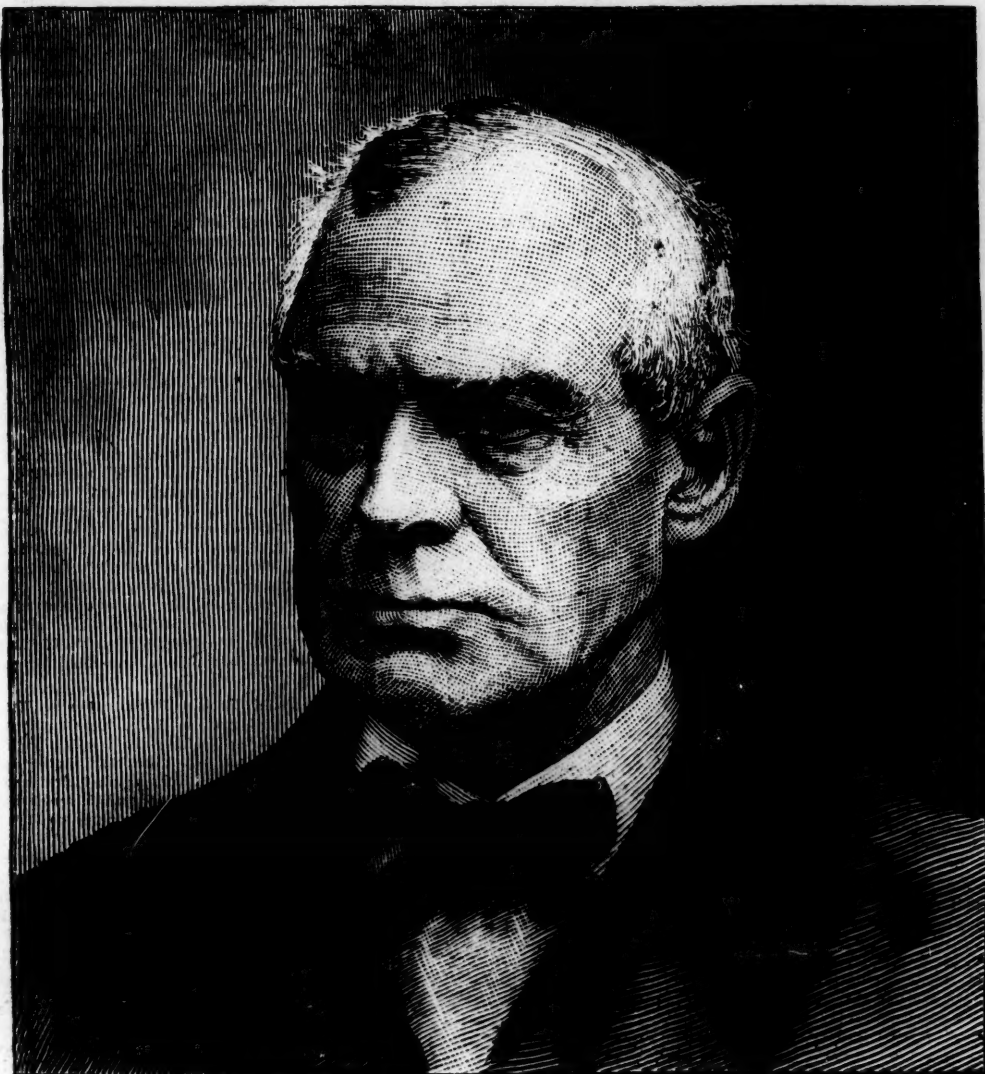
she declares, has fooled her by his honeyed phrases, to her own sorrow. The story is a thrilling one, and rich disclosures will be made when the case comes to trial in October next. McNeil began paying attention to Miss Brown about the beginning of 1880, and, under promise of marriage, robbed her of her virtue. He agreed on several occasions to marry her, and the day was several times fixed, but McNeil managed to postpone the wedding feast without disrupting the relations which he had established. Last February, while McNeil was on a visit to his sweetheart, she determined to bring matters to a focus, and secured the services of a trial justice, who was privately informed when the gay deceiver was to call. McNeil, hearing the justice enter the house, made his escape by jumping out of a rear window. The young lady has brought suit for breach of promise, and assesses the damage at \$10,000.

Bad Teaching.

Miss Agnes Hill, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, daughter of the curator of the Geological Mu-

**A RIDE TO DEATH.**

OSCAR J. PUTNAM, A JEALOUS HUSBAND, SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND THEN COMMITS SUICIDE, WHILE OUT DRIVING NEAR MERIDIAN, CATUGA CO., N. Y.

**LEVI J. NORTH.**

THE VETERAN EQUESTRIAN.

[Photo by Pearsall, Brooklyn.]

**MAUDE WENTWORTH.**

A QUEEN OF THE COMIC OPERA.

[Photo by Moreno.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.



HATTIE STEWART,
OF NORFOLK, VA., CHAMPION FEMALE BOXER.

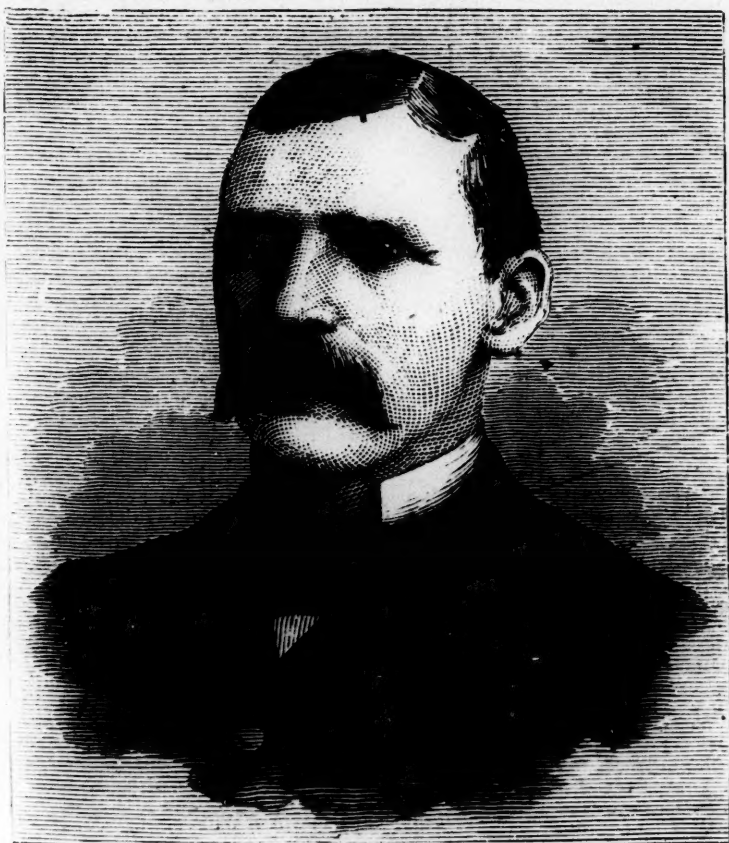
Pietro Delmas.

Pietro Delmas is the champion Græco-Roman wrestler of the world. Delmas recently arrived here. In company with Alderman Barney Goodwin he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to wrestle Wm. Muldoon Græco-Roman, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. To back up the challenge \$250 was left on deposit and every inducement was made to arrange a genuine match with Muldoon, but without success. Delmas left for Paris on April 24, 1884, and will return in three

weeks, when he will issue a challenge to wrestle any man in America.

John H. Murphy.

John H. Murphy is fully entitled to the championship of the New England States as a sprint runner. He is the possessor of over two hundred cups and medals, which he has won in running matches. He was born in Fall River, R. I., April 20, 1861. The following is his record: Defeated John Hurl, June 16, 1878, 100 yards, for a purse of \$200, at Evergreen Park, New Bedford; defeated Edward Roster, of Taunton, for a purse of \$50, at Myricks, July 17, 1881, 100 yards; defeated Chas. Gallagher, of Fall River, Aug. 16, 1881, 100 yards, for a purse of \$100, at Evergreen Park; defeated Charles Little, of Fall River, Sept. 23, 1881, 100 yards, for a purse of \$400, Evergreen Park, time 10 1/4 seconds; defeated the same man, Oct. 3, 1881, for a purse of \$800, Evergreen Park, 100 yards, 10 1/4 seconds; defeated W. C. O'Brien, of Ohio, for a purse of \$200, at Evergreen Park, 100 yards, May 28, 1882; defeated John Crahan, of Milford, Mass., for a purse of \$400, 125 yards, at South Framingham, Mass., time 12 3/4 seconds; defeated the same man, July 19, 1882, 150 yards, at Beacon Park, time 15 1/2 seconds; was defeated by F. J. McQuiglin, for a purse of \$500, Sept. 16, 1882, 150 yards, at South Weymouth; was defeated by F. H. Homan, of Danvers, Mass., 300 yards, at Danvers, Mass., for a purse of \$600, time 32 1/4 seconds, Oct. 6, 1882;



J. W. MURPHY,
A NOTED SPORTING MAN OF DENVER, COL.

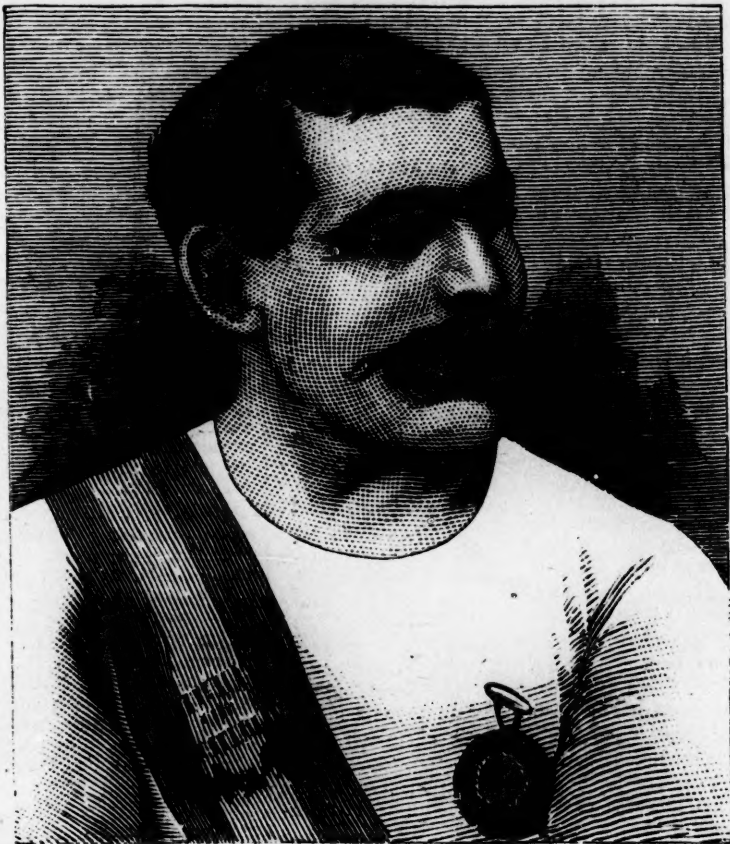
defeated P. L. Sullivan, of Fall River, 300 yards, at Taunton, Mass., time 32 1/4 seconds, for a purse of \$400; was defeated by Fred. L. Davis, of California, allowing him 7 yards in 300, at Taunton, Mass., time 31 1/4 seconds.

Hattie Stewart.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Hattie Stewart, the female champion boxer, who is eager to box any of the many female champions of America. Hattie Stewart hails from Norfolk, Va. She has boxed at all the leading variety theatres, and she is ready to meet all challengers who will put up a deposit with the POLICE GAZETTE.

Annie Kite's Highflying

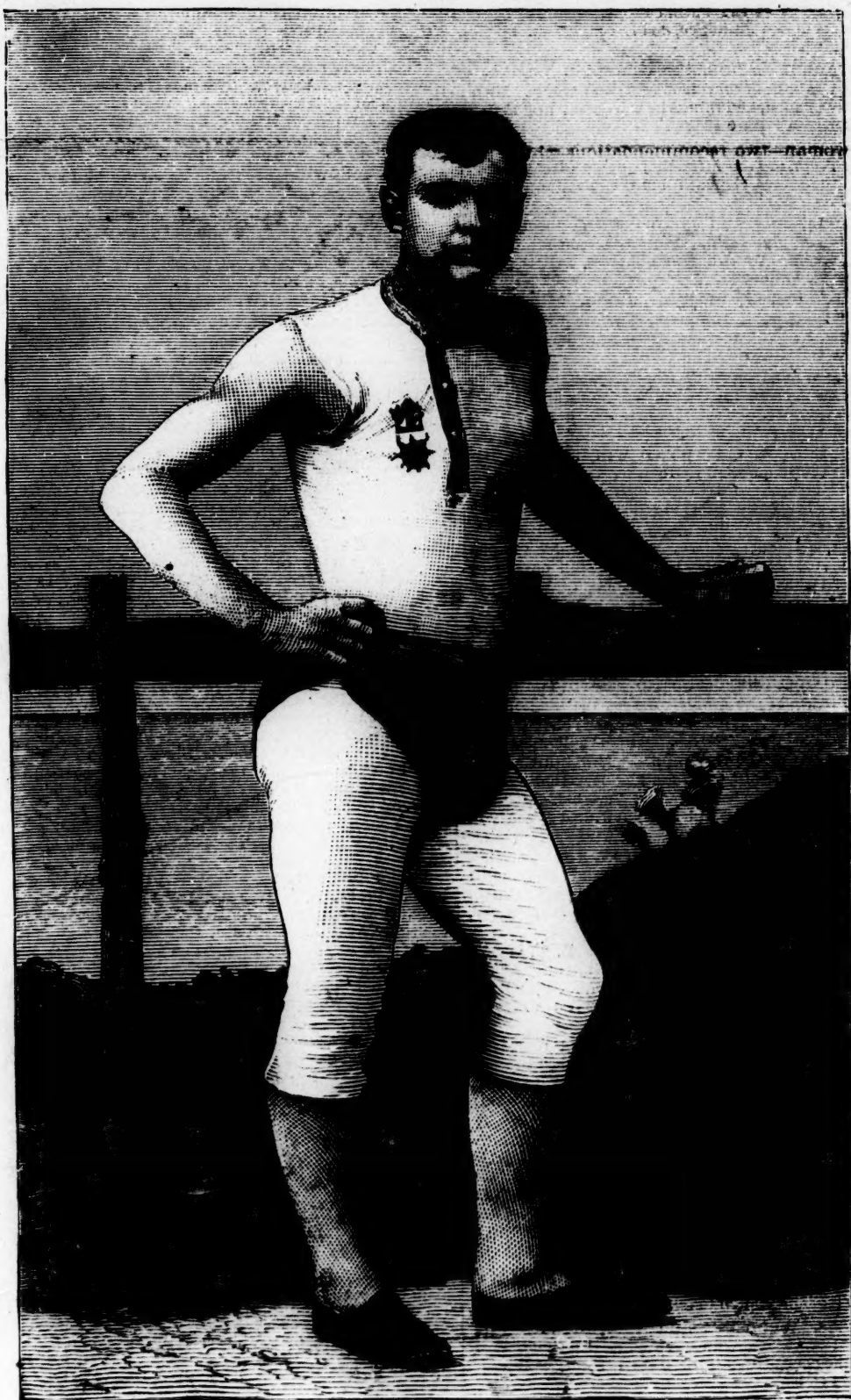
At Piedmont, W. Va., much indignation exists over the cruel deception of Miss Annie Kite, a young lady of Elk Gardens. She eloped a month ago with a man named Adams, and was married by a supposed clergyman, who said that he was the Rev. Henry Knight. The ceremony took place on the bridge over the Potomac, a romantic spot, and long famous for its weddings. After living with the girl for several weeks, Adams left her, as supposed, for a day, on business, and has not since returned. It was discovered that the real Rev. Henry Knight did not marry them. The girl is in



PIETRO DELMAS,
CHAMPION GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLER OF FRANCE.

delicate health, and the shock from the discovery has made her dangerously ill. No clew to the scoundrel has been discovered.

NEAR Irving, Ky., April 19, Joe Flinn shot Bill Hale through the heart, but before the latter fell he shot Flinn twice, from the effects of which he died in a few hours.



JOHN H. MURPHY,
THE CHAMPION SPRINT RUNNER, OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

SPORTING NEWS.

\$1.50.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,

The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

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RICHARD K. FOX.

RICHARD L. is being backed heavily to win the Kentucky Derby.

JIMMY KELLY is to go to Washington next week to box an Unknown.

KITTSON has several crack three-year-olds, which will make quite a name this season.

SAM BERRY, of Philadelphia, issues a challenge to wrestle any man in America at 140 lbs.

THE stewards of the National Trotting Association intend to make many changes in the rules.

M. W. FORD, the champion jumper, is said to have cleared 22 ft in practice in a running broad jump.

WM. N. HOFFMAN won the Citizens' Club bicycle championship medal, in this city, on April 25.

FRANK HART, the colored pedestrian, and William Edwards walk heel-and-toe six days at Denver on May 19.

GUS HILL now swings the heaviest club in America. It actually weighs 115 lbs, and it is called the "Richard K. Fox."

DR. MAPLE THORPE, a trainer and adviser of John C. Heenan, was tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's theatre on May 1.

ANDRE CHRISTOL is matched to wrestle Prof. Labouchiere, of Watertown, N. Y. The match will be decided at Rochester, N. Y.

THE New York Lacrosse team won the Oelrich cup in the tournament on the St. George Cricket Club grounds, Hoboken, N. J., May 1.

THE glove fight between Rodda and Gray at Utah on April 24 was won by Rodda in 14 rounds. "Police Gazette" rules governed the contest.

M. K. KITTLEMAN, the champion sprint runner of America, says that the money offered for champion races in the East is much too small to run for.

PATSY HOGAN, the retired light-weight champion pugilist of the Pacific Slope, has sold out his business in San Francisco, and is coming on to New York.

CHARLEY LANGE, the champion pugilist of Ohio, was born in Cleveland of Irish parents. He is a plucky pugilist, and thinks he can defeat any man his weight.

BUTLER and Oakley, the "Police Gazette" Rifle Team, are the attractions Sell's Circus offers to offset the sacred elephant bluff of Barnum & Forepaugh.

THE second grand promenade concert of the Lotus Club, given at the Crescent picnic at Newark, N. J., on May 3, was a grand success, and the affair was largely attended.

L. L. BURTON, of Roscommon, Mich., and Geo. W. Flagg, of Brantree, Vt., are to wrestle at Batavia, N. Y. The conditions are collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500.

TOM WILKINSON, of Sheffield, England, was the pistol-firer in the Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports recently. This is the first time a professional has been engaged to fill this office.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND will raise in the Jockey Club a question as to what the stewards propose to do in regard to the change of collusion of jockeys with book-makers to sell races.

SAM COLLYER, the ex-champion light-weight pugilist, is now keeping a great sporting house in Canton, Md. Every Saturday he gives grand boxing exhibitions which attract large audiences.

MERVINE THOMPSON desires us to publish that he will not appear at any of Sullivan's exhibitions, and it is no use for his friends to pay expecting to see a knock-out between himself and Sullivan.

DUNCAN C. ROSS desires to return thanks to Dan O'Brien, of the Emmett House, Washington, and Col. Snellbaker, of the Theatre Comique, for courtesies received during his sojourn in Washington.

TOM WALLING, the pugilist, the boniface of the "Police Gazette" Shades, 22½ Harrison avenue, Leadville, Col., has been notified that his father and mother, two brothers and a nephew, died recently in England.

J. E. "CHOPPY" WARBURTON, the English runner, who was recently in this country, has backed himself to beat record time for 30 miles—viz: 3h 15m 34s—for \$250 a side at Fallsworth, near Manchester, Eng., on June 2.

BROOKS, the Yale man, who beat L. E. Myers at 220 yards last year in New York, will train for the 100 and 220-yard runs at the September American championship games in New York, so it is probable that he and Myers will meet again.

AT Concert Hall, Boston, Saturday evening, May 10, George Godfrey, heavy-weight "colored" champion of New England, and McHenry Johnson, "The Black Star," spar 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$200 and entire house receipts.

IT is reported from the office of the Secretary of the National Trotting Association that Hampden Park, Springfield, will probably be included this year in the Grand Circuit, and that the closing meeting will be at Charter Oak Park the last week in August.

PARSON DAVIES has accepted John L. Sullivan's challenge offering \$1,000 and the receipts of the exhibition to any man who will stand before him 4 rounds, and will put Jim Goode against the champion in a boxing match to take place at Chicago.

MESSRS. WOODSIDE and Morgan, the professional bicyclists, who have arranged to wheel it across the continent, started from the City Hall, this city, at 1 o'clock P. M. May 1 (Thursday). They will carry all their traps, and expect to reach San Francisco in 70 days.

WM. MOSSMAN and Wm. Higgins have opened the pool and sample room, No. 11 Frankfort street, Cleveland, Ohio, and called it the "Police Gazette" Shades. The establishment is well fitted up, and the proprietors intend to do all in their power to cater to their patrons.

LORD FALMOUTH's racing stable was sold at London, England, on April 28. Sir John Willoughby bought the three-year-old colt, Harvester, for \$3,000. The three-year-old bay filly Busybody was purchased by Lord Arlington for \$3,800. The total amount realized at the sale was \$33,272, or \$191,360.

BILLY EDWARDS is training for his glove fight with Charley Mitchell at the country seat of William Travers, at Lynhurst, N. J. Mr. Travers, who takes great pains to promote all kinds of athletics, has placed at the disposal of Edwards the entire grounds, outhouses and race-track of his splendid estate.

PROF. KIMBALL, of New York, who has been the teacher of the Police Athletic Club, of Baltimore, for the past two years, will resign on July 1. Kimball is one of the most expert teachers of athletics in the country, and the many athletes of the Baltimore club will miss him from their gymnasium.

THE wrestling match on the 29th of April at Baltimore, between Duncan C. Ross and the Japanese champion, was pronounced to be one of the most exciting and interesting struggles ever witnessed in Baltimore. It was a genuine and desperate struggle and lasted 40m, when each wrestler gained a fall.

ON May 2 Richard K. Fox posted \$500 and issued a challenge in the *Spirit of the Times* to match John Hughes to run six days against the winner of the championship race for from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a side. The \$500 was lodged with E. A. Buck, and the challenge will appear in the next issue of the *Spirit of the Times*.

THE wrestling match at Snellbaker's Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., on April 30, between Duncan C. Ross and Matsada Kozere Sorakichi was witnessed by a tremendous crowd, and among the audience was the Attorney-General, the Marshal of the District, Sergeant-at-Arms, etc. The contest occupied 2h and 15m, and Ross won.

THE Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" Gun Club, of Stillwater, New York, will have a series of grand shooting matches this season on the grounds at Stillwater. The club will shortly issue a programme to govern the contest for the "Police Gazette" champion medal, which is to be shot for by the members of the club.

WILLIAM SHERIFF, better known as the Prussian and Dominick McCaffrey have been matched to fight with hard gloves, 4 rounds, Queensberry rules, for \$1,000 a side. If 4 rounds do not decide the contest it will be fought to a finish. The battle-ground and referee will be named ten days before the fight. Arthur Chambers is backing Sheriff and Mart Malone is the backer of McCaffrey.

JACK SHEEHAN, the noted "adviser" and turf correspondent, will attend the Washington and Baltimore race meetings. His success in giving the winning horses at the regular New Orleans and Memphis meeting was astonishing. A good fellow is Jack—always at his office, 212 Broadway, when not on the track. He says he has a "good thing" for Kentucky Derby. We don't doubt it.

AFTER months of challenging and counter-challenging, Peter Conley, of Portland, Me., and John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., have arranged a single-scutt race, according to the conditions which were made on April 29. The race is to be 3 miles with a turn, for \$1,000 a side, and will be rowed at Pullman, Ill., on June 30. It is the general opinion of sporting men of Pittsburgh that Teemer will defeat Conley easily.

THE following scores were made at the first monthly shoot of the Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" Gun Club, of Stillwater, N. Y., for the club medal, clay pigeons being used, trap screened, rise 15 yards, trap set in fourth notch, and ten birds each man: G. B. Whitman broke 7; W. S. Pitney, 7; C. B. Brady, 5; V. E. Arnold, 4; S. Whitman, 8; W. Cooper, 3; G. H. Brady, 2; G. Jones, 8; W. Miller, 1.

THERE was a short but desperate glove fight at Chicago on April 23, between Capt. James Dalton and Jack Driscoll. The latter is a pugilist who has time and again been eager to fight anybody. It was agreed that the pugilists should box four three-minute rounds. Driscoll weighed nearly 200 lbs, while Dalton weighed 175 pounds. Only a few blows were exchanged when Dalton by a tremendous left-hand blow knocked Driscoll out. The contest lasted 1m and 30s.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: L. Alexandopolis, Doc Baggs, Chas. Courtney (3), Tom. Cannon, wrestler (2), F. E. Dobson, banjoist; C. Duncan, Bob Farrell, Dick Garvin, Ed. Gates, Chas. Hadley, Thos. King (2), Michael McCarthy, collar-maker; Wm. Mantell, Geo. W. Moore, Harry Monroe, club-singer; Ed. Moulton, sprint runner; Wm. Muldoon (2), Frank Pryne, June Rankin, Miss Ullie, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson.

WE have received the following letter from W. E. Hooper:

Boston, April 23, 1884.
Richard K. Fox:—I have heard that Jeff Shea, of Hartford, formerly of Boston, would like to arrange a match with me. Any time Mr. Shea comes to Boston I will only be too happy to arrange a race with him, to be in single-scutt working boats, 2 or 3 miles, with a turn, for \$100 or \$200 a side.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. E. HOOPER,
"Police Gazette" Exchange,
95 Portland street.

IN the professional single-scutt regatta to be held on the St. Croix river at Calais, Me., on the 24th of July, the following oarsmen will compete: Ross, Courtney, Hosmer, Hamon, Conley, Turner, Lee, Riley, Ten Eyck and Plaisted, and probably Peterson. The following prizes will be offered: \$600 to first, \$300 to second, and \$100 to third, and a consolation race on second day. This will be one of the biggest events in sporting circles for years. Parties desiring information will correspond with George W. King at Calais, Maine.

THE single-scutt race between Chas. E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N. Y., and Wallace Ross, of St. John, New Brunswick, will be rowed at Oak Point course on May 30. Pilkington & Nagle, who offer the purse for the oarsman to compete for, are making every preparation to accommodate the thousands who will congregate to see Ross and Courtney row. The race is the topic of conversation in sporting circles, and already the admirers of both men are wagering their funds on the result. No market price has yet been fixed, for there has so far been no quotations, but it is expected Courtney will be the favorite.

THE following explains itself:
"THE ABBEY,"
71 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.,
May 1, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
Your edition of May 3d at hand. I was greatly surprised on reading therein an article in which my name is signed to a card, in which I say that I desire to wager \$300 on Billy Frazer for a glove fight between Frank White and Frazer. I desire that you may say through the columns of the GAZETTE that the card did not originate from me, and that I know nothing about it. I state this in justice to both parties.

PATSY SHEPPARD.

MEMBERS of the Seventh regiment have organized a baseball association, and expect to put into the field this season a first-class amateur nine to compete for the National Guard championship in the proposed "league," which it is expected will shortly be formed among the Twenty-third, Seventh, Thirtieth, Twenty-second, Ninth and other regiments of the National Guard. The grounds of the New York Athletic Club have been placed at their disposal.

AT the Memphis Jockey Club races on April 29 the Railroad Consolation purse, for all ages, one mile, was won by Glendower, with Miss Yates, the favorite, second, and Brunswick third; time, 1:45½. In the Harbin purse race for two-year-olds, five furlongs, Glendower was first; time, 1:07½. In the Bankers' purse, for all ages, mile heats, Princess, the favorite, won both heats; time, 1:47 and 1:48. Fourth race, for all ages, owners' handicap, three-quarter-mile heats, Baronella took the two heats; time, 1:18 and 1:19½.

THE stewards of the Grand Circuit Trotting Association agreed upon the following programme for the circuit races: Pittsburg, July 15 to July 18, inclusive; Cleveland, July 29 to Aug. 1, inclusive; Buffalo, Aug. 5 to Aug. 8, inclusive; Rochester, Aug. 12 to Aug. 15, inclusive; Hartford, Aug. 26 to Aug. 29, inclusive; Providence, Sept. 2 to Sept. 5, inclusive; Albany, Sept. 9 to Sept. 12, inclusive. The classes are as follows: First day—220, trotting; 222, pacing; 230, trotting. Second day—225, trotting; 217, pacing; 223, trotting. Third day—217, trotting; free for all, pacing. Fourth day—219, trotting; free for all, trotting, and 227, trotting.

MESSRS. Acton and Taylor, of Pastime Park, Bellevue Station, Philadelphia, Pa., offer the following programme of sports for the months of May and June: Saturday May 10, dog race on "Police Gazette" dog-collar terms, for \$200, between Arthur Chambers' bitch Maggie, and J. Howard's dog Scot, to be on their marks at 4:30 P. M. Decoration Day: \$100 for 135 yards novice foot handicap; \$50 for a 200-yard dog handicap, also \$50 dollars for half-mile horse-race, for horses that have never run in any big races. Whit Monday, June 2, will be a gala day. Messrs. Taylor and Acton will give \$250 for their All American 135 yard professional foot handicap. Messrs. Watt Booth and Arthur Chambers will act on all of the above occasions, the former as handicapper and referee, the latter as pistol-firer. Entries can be made with Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

IN regard to Mitchell's chances with Billy Edwards, the English champion's backer, William Madden, the discoverer of J. Lawrence Sullivan, and the man who brought the latter out and put him on the road to glory and wealth, says that Mitchell has not before taken such particular care of himself nor trained so hard and earnestly for any bout that he has had in America. "You know the set-to between Billy Edwards and Mitchell is to be a scientific affair, and no slugging. It will probably be the most scientific contest ever witnessed in America, and it will be viewed by as fine an audience as ever congregated in Madison Square Garden. The public expects to see some pretty hard hitting, and every one present will be satisfied. The contest will be waged on a scientific basis. There will not be such a great difference between the men as to weight."

THE glove fight between Jack Dempsey and Jim Hurst, the Canadian boxer, which was to have been decided at Clarendon Hall, this city, on May 1, did not take place. Hurst ran away and left George Fullames, his backer, in the lurch. When Fullames learned of Hurst's "back out" he notified Richard K. Fox not to pay the \$200 stakes which he held to Dempsey. Mr. Fox, however, decided to pay the money, and the protest was then withdrawn. Dempsey was on hand at the time appointed, but Hurst did not appear, and Dempsey announced from the stage that \$50 would be given to any light weight who would, in ring parlance, "beat him" in 6 rounds. This offer was promptly accepted by Jack Bowles. Some discussion ensued as to whether he was a light weight, and a prominent broker, well known in Wall street, offered \$25 if Bowles would spar anyhow. This settled it, and the two men faced each other. Six rounds in all were fought, and while no great damage was done to either man, the contest was very spirited, and good science was shown. During all of the first five rounds the honors were with Dempsey. In the sixth round the fighting became hot, and Dempsey showed his superior qualities as a fighter. His blows fell indiscriminately on Bowles' jaw, face, ear and eye, and with the exception of a few returns Dempsey had things his own way. A straight left-shoulder hit from him nearly smashed Bowles' nose, and the succeeding rain of blows covered that gentleman's face with blood. He was fought almost to a standstill. Referee George Taylor awarded the fight to Dempsey. On May 2 Mr. Fox paid the stakes to Dempsey at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

THE following explains itself:
POLICE GAZETTE, April 23, 1884.

Articles of Agreement entered into this 28th day of April, 1884, between William Knott and Dan J. Murphy, both of Brooklyn, who hereby agree to row a three-mile race (one mile and a half and return) for one hundred (\$100) dollars a side and championship of Brooklyn. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox. The match to be rowed on Tuesday, June 10, 1884. The hour and course to be decided on at the posting of the second deposit. The men to choose their own boats. The second deposit of \$25 shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Tuesday, May 13. The third and final deposit of \$50 a side, shall be posted on Tuesday, June 3, between 1 and 3 P. M. The party failing to make the required deposits as stipulated above shall forfeit all moneys down.

Richard K. Fox has been selected final stakeholder and referee. The race to be rowed in calm water. The referee to decide as to condition of water.

Witness:
JAMES CAVANAGH, for
M. J. CARY.
WM. KNOTH,
DANIEL J. MURPHY.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: Wm. H. Fox, Edwin Bibby, Prof. Wm. Clark, Ed. Hanley, Robert Winstanley, "Police Gazette" champion Lancashire clog-dancer of the world; Tom McAlpine, John Brady, Philadelphia; J. B. Finnegan, *Sunday Tidings*, Elmira, N. Y.; Geo. Young, Ed. Mallahan, Hial H. Stoddard, Gus Lippman, Capt. Erb, 12 Engine; Joe Fowler, Young Mose Lipman, London, Eng.; Mr. Tupper, *Morning Journal*; Harry Webb, Leadville, Col.; Billy Madden, Jas. Murphy, John Stack, John Ryan, Dr. John E. Ward, John Hughes, J. B. McCormack, *Enquirer*, Cincinnati; Prof. Young, ventriloquist; John J. Flynn, Paddy Lee, C. M. Jackson, Jack Sheehan, J. E. Roat, Norwich, Conn.; Frank Duffy, Live Oak Hotel, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Johnny Riley, Johnny Carroll, Mr. Mankin, Washington, D. C.; Geo. Sands, Advertising Agent, Mount Morris Theatre; E. A. Yale, Louisville, Ky.; John Devaney, Capt. James C. Daly, Harry Force, Wm. J. Morgan, Wm. A. Woodside, champion bicyclists; McHenry Johnson (Black Star), Ely Pierce, E. Cobb, Boston, Mass.; L. R. Lees, Boston, Mass.; John P. Fox, Chas.

Halkett, John, Anderson, Glasgow, Scotland; John Walker, Glasgow, Scotland; Alex. Mackay, Chas. Mitchell, Glasgow, Scotland; Col. Snellbaker, Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C.; Sam'l Irwin, Dublin, Ireland; Jas. Sullivan, Mr. Gilman, Geo. Fullames, Mike Henry, Jack Bowles, Martin O'Donnell, attorney, London, Ohio; C. B. Hazleton, Chas. J. Fally, Philadelphia; Tom Henry, John Morris, Long Island News Co.; Wm. Knott, Dan. J. Murphy, Jas. Cavanagh, Jas. Meahan, Michael Cary, Frank Stevenson, H. J. Campbell, Phil. J. Cusacks, artist.

A REGULAR meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held lately at the Gilsey House. Those present were Mr. H. W. Garfield, of Albany, N. Y.; Mr. G. G. Petersen, of New York city; Messrs. W. R. Tucker and H. K. Hinckman, of Philadelphia; Mr. W. H. Gibson, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. J. H. Haughton, of Boston, and Mr. M. A. Mullin, of Newark. Mr. Garfield presided, and Mr. Gibson acted as Secretary. The business of the meeting opened with the revision of the rules, notification of which was given to the clubs of the association in January last. The most important changes, which go into effect at once, were as follows: Hereafter a junior oarsman or sculler is one who has never pulled in a senior race or won a junior race except in a regatta confined to his own club. It was also agreed that a regatta committee may order a race rowed over, or award a prize to whom it desires in case there is a suspicion of dishonesty. The following amendment to the rules was unanimously adopted: When in any trial heat a foul occurs under such conditions as do not afford full justice to any contestant, the umpire may permit such aggrieved competitors to start in a subsequent heat or in the final heat. Letters were read from both Watkins and Saratoga Springs offering inducements to hold the annual regatta of the association at each place. A representative of Watkins was present, who stated that arrangements had been made with all the railway trunk lines, who offered one and one-third rates to all who attended the regatta to Watkins and return. Upon being put to the vote, Watkins was unanimously decided upon, and August 12 and 13 were decided upon as the dates. The report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges brought against John Kilrain, of the Bradford Boat Club of Cambridgeport, Mass., who, last year, under the name of Kilrain, won the junior singles at the annual regatta, confirmed the charges that the said Kilrain had sparred with Mitchell for money, and Kilrain was disqualified by the committee as an amateur oarsman. The meeting then adjourned.

ONE of the most remarkable exhibitions of strength and endurance ever displayed before a Baltimore audience was witnessed at Kiernan's Monumental theatre during a wrestling match between Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese athlete, and Duncan C. Ross, the Scotch champion. This contest was billed to close the performance, and proved the most exciting event of the evening. After the referee introduced the athletes there was an audible titter from all parts of the house, and such expressions as "Ross can lay him out without trouble!"—"Give the Jap a chance!"—"created renewed mirth. The Jap was, however, in no way disconcerted, but with his monkey face distorted into a grin, bowed his acknowledgments, and then turned to meet his adversary. As the pair shook hands, their dissimilarity in size and appearance was the more apparent. Giving Ross' hand a sort of pump-handle shake, he suddenly shot back, sank on all fours, and prepared for business. This round, it was announced, was to be fought in Japanese style. Any portion of the body, excepting the feet, touching the ground constitutes a fall. For a second the giant before him gazed down upon the pigmy and then advanced to meet him. After circumnavigating the stage several times, all the while eyeing each other as a cat does a mouse, the Jap with a rush sprang forward and grappled his burly antagonist by the belt. The Scotchman obtained a similar hold, and then began a short but determined struggle. Both bent forward as far as possible, to prevent being tripped up, but they gradually came together and tussled for the mastery. The Jap appeared at home, while Ross acted more on the defensive. Suddenly the grinning imp gave vent to a guttural laugh, and, turning to one side, swung his adversary around with such force as to make him lose his balance and fall upon his knees. "First fall for the Jap," cried the umpire, while the house rang with applause. After a short interval it was announced that they would wrestle "catch-as-catch-can." The struggle that ensued was long and exhausting. It was expected that Ross would have a walk-over, but it was here that the giant strength of the Jap was brought in to play. As in the previous round, he dropped on all fours, and began hopping about like a frog. He changed his tactics otherwise, however, for instead of becoming the aggressor, he placed himself on the defensive. For a time Ross threw science to the winds, and rushing upon the Jap, bore him down and attempted by brute force to turn him over. He might as well have tried to turn the theatre over. With scarcely an effort the Jap squirmed from under and squatted back on his haunches. Again and again Ross turned him over, and again and again did the Jap escape. For fifteen minutes they squirmed and fought all over the stage; the fight seemingly as far from being at an end as ever. Twice did Ross have the neck-lock on him, but the mass of muscle and sinew managed to steer clear each time. Finally, Ross succeeded in turning him half way on his side, and then the immense strength of the Jap was brought into play. Any ordinary wrestler must have speedily succumbed, but this one was an exception. He contested every inch, and fought with a stubborn energy that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, who greeted him with yells of encouragement. At last Ross got his shoulder on the floor, but the Jap formed a bridge which the Scotchman could not break. The latter strained every nerve and exerted all his immense strength to overcome the resistance, but it was in vain. For five minutes he rested his weight on the prostrate Jap, until the latter from sheer exhaustion was compelled to surrender. It was the most stubborn contest ever witnessed, as well as the most exciting. What made it interesting was that there was no hip-podroming. The Jap meant fight, and he certainly did all he could to avoid defeat. If he ever learns the tricks in this style of wrestling it will be impossible to conquer him. The other parts of the performance were also interesting, and consisted of a wrestling match between Edwin Bibby and August Schmidt. The latter is no match for the Englishman. He showed great skill, however. Bibby won the first and third falls and Schmidt the second. A sketch introducing a sparring exhibition, with soft gloves, between Magie and Allen was also heartily applauded, both giving a fine exhibition of the manly art. The performance was under the management of W. E. Harding, of the POLICE GAZETTE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

THE San Francisco Yacht Club has elected the following officers: C. H. Harrison, of the Frolic, commodore; W. Letts Oliver, of the Emerald, vice commodore; Charles G. Yale, secretary; George T. Bowen, financial secretary; Franklin Bangs, treasurer; Matthew Turner, measurer; John Lee, F. A. Hyde, C. W. Kellogg, Mervyn Donahue, F. T. Hoyt, trustees; As the club contemplates changing its quarters, no opening day was fixed for the present.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltage Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kidney troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. No B-N risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

ADVERTISERS' OPINIONS.

"NEW YORK DAILY NEWS,"
Office, 25 Park Row,
New York, April 17, 1934.

Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR:—We have advertised the New York Weekly News in over one thousand papers in all sections of the Union within the past six months. The advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has given us larger cash returns than any twenty of the other journals we have used.

GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW,
Managing Editor N. Y. Weekly News.



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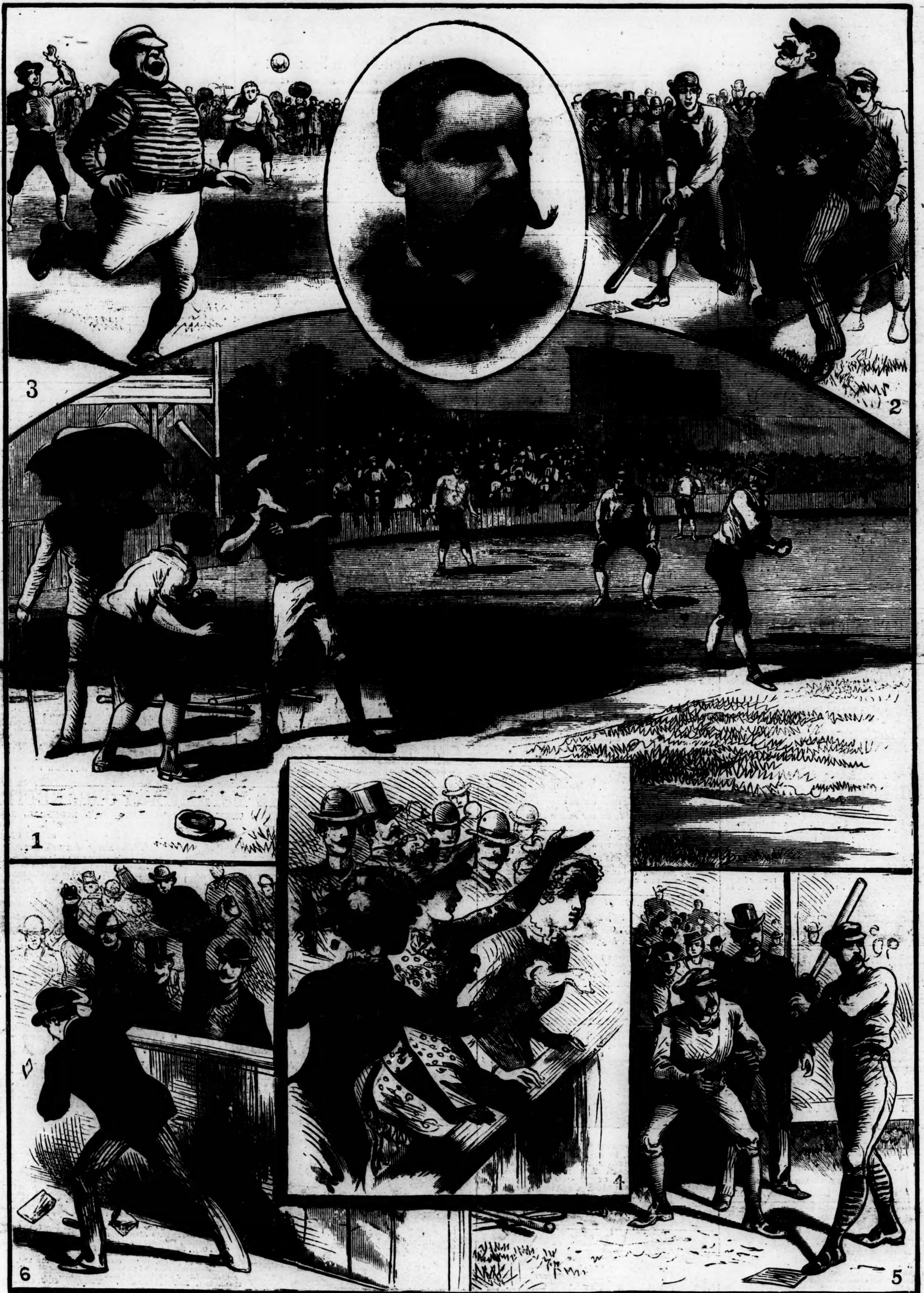
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